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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 870. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

Football Coupon Swindlers

HOW TO WIN £500 in CASH PRIZES

A Profitable and Pleasant way to spend long winter evenings.

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., to popularise further "PINNACE," THE QUALITY NAVY CUT Cigarettes, insert in every packet a REAL photo of one of over 2,000 leading Footballers, both professional and amateur. These beautiful photos, irrespective of their collecting and EXCHANGE VALUE, are available for the great NEW PINNACE CIGARETTE COMPETITION.

Particulars in each packet.

WHAT TO DO:—

Select from the series of photographs a team of footballers to represent GREAT BRITAIN against the World. Obtain from your Tobacconist a "Pinnace" Group Card (2d. each). Place thereon your men in the position they are to occupy in the field, and post to GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., not later than 31st May, 1923.

The Competitors, whom the Judges—prominent Footballers themselves—select as having nominated the best teams, will be awarded prizes as on other side.

'Pinnace'

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. one photo

20 for 11½d. two photos

1st Prize	-	£100
2nd ,,	-	£50
3rd ,,		£25
100 Prizes of	-	£2 each
125 ,, ,,		£1 ,,

Any number of Group Cards may be sent in, each will be judged independently.

Lists of 2,000 players in the series, post free, 2d.—Packets of 10 cigarettes with any one of the photos in the series, 6d. each.

No correspondence can be entered into, and the decision of the judges appointed by GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., of 112, Commercial Street, London, E.1, must be taken as final.

The big thing about "PINNACE" is—they're all Virginia Tobacco.

THE GREATEST INSURANCE GIFT OF ALL !

"Now that we have compared them all, JOHN BULL'S *is undoubtedly the best.*

"2d. a week, not sixpence, and far more practical and comprehensive."

"I SEE that instead of 'revising' benefits, JOHN BULL has added and extended its free insurance gift, which now includes new sickness benefits. Our home will now be protected against practically every conceivable risk, including fire, flood, storm, etc., in addition to complete protection against home and household accidents. We get greater benefits and JOHN BULL costs only 2d. a week, whereas a daily paper costs 6d. a week. We'll register for JOHN BULL's."

NO NEED TO RE-REGISTER

Those who have registered since May 3, 1922, need *not* re-register for our Great New Insurance Gift.

Thousands, after careful comparison, are summing up JOHN BULL's Great New Insurance Gift in this way and registering for the most substantial and practical free benefits ever offered. And, remember, this is the Insurance Gift which establishes sympathetic and personal relations with JOHN BULL readers and relieves them of tiresome quibbling with insurance companies. No delays, no evasions; you get the money to which you may be entitled *promptly*.

If you have not yet taken advantage of this new and better way of protecting yourself and your home free, sign the forms below now and relieve your mind of all further anxiety. It is better to sign to-day than to regret to-morrow.

WHAT JOHN BULL GIVES

Fire.

£200—damage by fire.
£200—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£200—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

Home Accidents.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fractured limb.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

Household Benefits.

£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£200—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
£200—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£200—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£200—damage by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or house-breakers.
£200—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£200 or £100—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical fees under similar circumstances.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks for disablement caused by burglars, house-breakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Sickness Benefits.

£5 5s. towards medical attendance for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Typhus Fever, Mumps, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Measles, Anthrax, Whooping Cough.

This benefit is only payable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

CUT HERE

J.B.3.2.23. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B.3.2.23. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging 6 words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and traveller's samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 9, High Street, Manchester.

20/- capital and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51 and 52, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

CHOCOLATES and CIGARETTES. — Spare-time agents wanted to form clubs for Easter. Good commission. No outlay.—For particulars apply, Harold Hill, Ltd., 23, Lowtown, Pudsey, Yorks.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE has vacancies for skilled Armourers, Acetylene Welders, Clerks (general and stores accounting), Hospital Orderlies, Fitters, Cooks and Butchers, Drivers (petrol, winch and stationary oil engine), Motor Cyclists, Engine Driver Fitters, Dynamo and Switchboard Attendants, Power Station and Shift Engineers; also for semi-skilled Drivers petrol. Ages, ex-Service, 18 to 30, Civilians, 18 to 26. Pay starts 2/- to 4/- a day. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over. Write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, 41, Church St., Birmingham, or R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Dene Ho., Ellison Pl., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 provincial Newspapers for £710. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 660, 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay for 20/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Webb Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

MAKE and Sell Polishes for Boots, Furniture, Metals, etc.; 50 formulas and addresses for materials, 1s. 6d.—J. and B. Wilkes, Stockton, Rugby.

BARGAIN SALES.

ALL your wants on monthly payments. Boots, Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Overcoats, Accordions, Watches, Rings, Cutlery, Clocks, etc., from 4/- monthly.—Write for catalogue to Masters, Ltd., 63, Hope Stores, Rye.

BILLIARD Table to fit your dining table, also billiard and dining tables; beautiful designs, all sizes, 4 ft., 5 ft., 7 ft., 8 ft., and 9 ft.; cash or easy monthly payments; also full size tables; repairs executed; billiard sundries supplied.—Free lists sent on application to E. J. Riley, Limited, Barbican Works, Accrington.

PLAYS, Dialogues, Stump Speeches, English, Irish and Scotch Reciters, Song Books, Joke Books and Funny Stories, Jew Jokes, Mixture Games, Invitations and Recipes for Children, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, etc. Send for McGlennon's Wonderful Catalogue. — Felix McGlennon, Ltd. (Desk No. 27), 9, City Garden Row, London, N.1.

WISH success in love, sport, business, etc. Wear a lucky mascot! 1/6, post free. Agents wanted.—Importers' Corporation (Dept. H.51), 45, Chancery Lane, London.

PEACH'S Curtains, Catalogue free. Lace, Net, Casement Curtainings, Beautiful, Practical, Inexpensive. Muslins, Cretonnes, Blinds, Linens, Laces.—S. Peach & Sons, 141, The Lowns, Nottingham.

CASES best plated Apostle Spoons, 8/-, with tongs, 6/9, 10/6; 6 o'clock Teaspoon sets, 4/9, 9/-; cases 6 Tea Knives, 8/6; Fountain Pens, gold-plated nib, 1/6; post free.—Worley's Stores, Sackville Street, Southsea.

INCANDESCENT Oil Lamp Burners, to fit any "Duplex" lamp; gives a brilliant white incandescent light, 85 candle-power; burns 12 pints of paraffin oil in 12 hours; price 16/- complete, post free; sent on a 7 days' free trial; cash refunded in full if not absolutely satisfactory; illustrated lists free.—Dept. "J," The Consolidated Industry, 9, Colebrook Row, Islington, London, N.1.

HAMBURG Ring Razors, first quality, 14/- per doz. Combs, Brushes, Scissors, Watches, Smallwares. Cheapest house. Sample parcel, 20/-.—Wholesale and Export Warehouse, 29, Lothian Street, Edinburgh.

BEAUTIFULLY-MADE Cigarette, Note and Card Case, with holder for cigarette tube, English make, from specially selected real Morocco leather, 3/6 post free.—Bown's, 76, East India Dock Road, Poplar, E.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT LENGTHS, Overcoatings and Velours. Any length cut. Patts. free.—The Bradford Tweed Co. (Dept. 10), 26, Victoria St., Bradford.

LADIES write for free set patterns fancy leather, all cols. Sale price only 9d. sq. ft.—Catt, Leather Merchant, Northampton.

KNITTING, best qrt silk, 3/6 hank, of 4 oz., 1/9 half-hank. Novelty "Chain" Crêpe, Crochet, Braid and Tie Silks from 1/3 per hank. Large range of samples free.—Linnett (Dept. J.B.), Smithford Street, Coventry.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Bld. Catalogue free.—Dept. 1a, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

MUSIC composed to lyrics.—Piano scores to airs. Band-parts arranged. London's popular composer.—Rigby Aroan, Offley Road, Brixton.

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DOBBIE & CO., LTD., ROYAL SEEDSMEN, EDINBURGH, will send a copy of their 1923 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening free, if this paper is mentioned.

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YOUNG talking parrots and cages from 40/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. Livestock list free.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

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SALESMANSHIP, Advertising, Window-Dressing, Sales Letter Writing, taught by post. Positions found for Students.—Dept. 20, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 459, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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SUBJECTS. — Accountancy, Secretaryship, Advertising, Insurance, London, Commercial Design, Banking, Costing and Factory Organisation, Business Training, Matriculation, Professional Preliminary Examinations. Record Successes at Professional Examinations. Many intensely practical non-examination courses. Moderate fees, by instalments if desired.—Metropolitan College, Dept. 31, St. Albans.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver, with Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. —Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1. Also Advanced and Engineering Courses.

HOW to secure a congenial Government, Municipal or Secretarial position in the shortest possible time. — Address, Principal, Sanitary Training College, 235, High Holborn, London.

LEARN to write Articles and Stories. Earn while learning. Hints, free.—Regent Inst. (Dpt. 101), 13, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Be your own Doctor. "Artico" Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure violent cases. No fasting, no dieting, no interference daily habits. Generous supply, 1/9, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day.—Ridyard Tablet Co., Mfg. Chemists, 34-36, High Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

ENERGOTS BRING HEALTH, clear eyes, faultless complexion, strenuous vitality, strong nerves, perfect digestion, and a happy disposition. One tablet daily. Trial Box (60 tabs.), 1/6.—Energots (Dept. J.B.), 18, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.1.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Euston Road, London, S.W.1.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds. Containing good, sound advice and special information, of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —The Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

OVERWORKED NERVES.—Instant vigour restored. If your energy is lowered, send for convincing trial of wonderful new remedy. Acts at once on jaded nerves, restores vitality, and strengthens system.—Enclose 6d. stamps to Dumont Laboratories (Box D), 23, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES: highly recommended for athletics, cyclists, etc.; 1/6, post free; better qualities, 2/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest price.—Quinquere sent post free on application to LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. B.H.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham. The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1765E), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

GOITRE. Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.R.C.S., Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 64, Broadway, Grays.

NERVOUSNESS, Shyness, Blushing.—Interesting book describing genuine cure sent privately, 2d.—Rivers (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

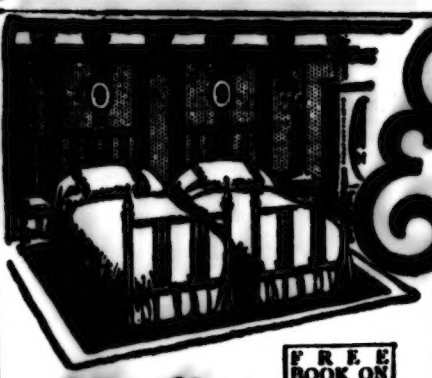
TOILET.

A BIG SENSATION.—Great triumph. Amazing discovery of new liquid. "Tate's Tonic."—makes Poor Hair Rich. Absolutely guaranteed to banish scurf, stop falling, revive colour, beauty and lustre of Hair in one Sample. P.O. 1/- post free. 1/6 paid for returned bottle if not satisfied.—Tate's Tonic Co., 11, Golden Square, London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d., post free.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

ILLUSTRATED Book for Adults, 2s. 6d., post free in plain wrapper.—Dare (Dept. J.B.), 18, Gresham Street, London, E.C.2.



Quality without Extravagance

SUCH beautiful beds have never before been offered at a low price. They are a delight to the eye and an invitation to real healthy repose—comfortable and without a suggestion of rattle or creak. They will last a lifetime. Fretwood in seamless steel in a wide range of beautiful designs, and finished in a vast city of colours by the special "Enamo" method which gives a surface hard to chip and easy to clean. Also as Oak, Walnut or Mahogany. These beds only cost from

£3 to £5 5s.

HOSKINS & SEWELL, LTD.
201, Oxford Street, London, W.1

Resting for a Good Night

FREE BOOK ON SLEEP. Send a postcard for your copy of "For a Good Night," "Nestine" Gift to the World." Both beautiful productions, full of interest.

NIGHT COUGHS

Irritable and Catarrhal Throat.

There's no need to cough at night if you take Veno's, and it is splendid for all other bronchial troubles. Keep it by the bedside and it will stop the irritation in a moment.

You'll find it the cheapest cough medicine you ever purchased, and it is certainly the best in the world. The recipe is the result of a life-time of experience. There is nothing to equal the wonderful balsamic and herbal essences it contains. It's safe and sure for young and old.

All chemists and stores sell it. Made by the renowned Veno Drug Co., Ltd., of Manchester.

Prices 1/3 and 3/- per bottle. Larger size the more economical.

The Cheapest and the Best.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

Those who are bald or troubled with falling hair will be interested in Mr. Jack Evans' experience as related in the following letter:—

"The small photo taken from a foot ball group will show you how bald I was six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.

"I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair, previous to the baldness, was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff."

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JACK EVANS.

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years. Please use coupon or copy it.

TEST-BOX Coupon.

Fill in name and address and post with 6d in stamps (or P.O.) to **JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 W), London, W.1.**

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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CASEMENT CURTAINING

15,000 Yards

35in. Hemstitched 10½d. p. yd.

Our book shows actual qualities and designs we are actual makers of Casement, and give you Pounds in the purchase of Casement Curtainings of every description, Hemstitched, Scalloped, inserted and coloured fadeless.

From 7d. to 3 6 per Yard.

Including FINEST MERCERISED QUALITIES.

BACK TO THE OLD DAYS.

PATTERN BOOK POST FREE.

CASEMENT CURTAIN MFG. CO.
27, Allum Street, Manchester.

From January 1st, 1923, the price of

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

(Toilet and Nursery)

Save your Wrappers

has been reduced to **6d.** per tablet

Save your Wrappers

and Bath size 10d. per tablet.

In this connection, the Proprietors have pleasure in announcing a

PRIZE COMPETITION

The Prizes will be awarded to those who send the greatest number of wrappers not later than April 30, 1923, under the following conditions:

£500 in Cash Prizes.

1st Prize	£100	20 prizes of	£10
2nd Prize	£50	15 prizes of	£5
3rd Prize	£25	25 prizes of	£2

CONDITIONS

1. Only printed wrappers which cover the outside of each tablet of Soap will be considered.
2. Each parcel of wrappers must bear the name and address of the sender, and the total number sent must be clearly written.
3. Wrappers should be neatly folded, delivered either by Registered Post, or otherwise in a sealed packet to address as under.
4. Names and addresses of Prize Winners will be published in the "Daily Mail," "Daily Express," "Daily Mirror," "Daily Sketch," May 31st.
5. In the event of ties, the prizes will be divided. The decision of the Managing Director of Wright, Layman & Umney, Ltd., will be final, and no correspondence in connection with this Competition will be entered into. Address: Prize Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44/50, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.

Last day for receiving wrappers, April 30, 1923.

INDIGESTION

Flatulence, Acidity, Dyspepsia,

CURED LIKE MAGIC.

Trial Size 1/-

Rx: *Pepsin, 1-6th grain. Malt Extract, 1 grain. Diastase, 1-12th grain. Charcoal, 1-3rd grain. Cascara Extract, 1-3rd grain. Capsicum, 1-20th grain.* In One Tablet.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by Doctors everywhere.

Pepsin digests albumin, Diastase digests starch. Charcoal absorbs the products of fermentation, the tonic of Cascara acts as a bitter tonic but not laxative. The Capsicum is carminative.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal and you will soon be quite well. Price 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/9 (100), 7/6 (300 tablets). **Prescription No. 228.**

A WORLD-FAMED HEART AND NERVE TONIC—PREVENTS HEART FAILURE AFTER INFLUENZA. A VALUABLE TONIC FOR MEN OR WOMEN.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.
DIGITALIS. Steadies the action of the heart.

HEART TONIC (Prescription 632.) PREVENTS PALPITATION, TREMBLING LIMBS, STOPS YOU FALLING TO PIECES AFTER COLDS OR FLU.

Nux Vomica Ex. 1-60th gr.	*Gentian Extract* .. 1 gr.
Digitalis .. .. 1 gr.	*Dandelion Extract* .. 1 gr.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144 pills), with directions.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
GENTIAN. Tones the Stomach.
DANDELION. Stimulates the kidneys.

NEURASTHENIA, BRAIN & NERVE TONIC. (Prescription 670.)

For MENTAL DEPRESSION, LOSS OF MEMORY, WEAKNESS, DEBILITY, NERVOUSNESS.

Phosphorus 1-100th gr.	*Damiana* .. 2 grs.
Nux Vomica .. 1-6th gr.	*Lecithin* .. .. 1 gr.

Price 1/- (25), 1/6 (75), 2/6 (150), 6/- (300), 11/- (600 tablets).

THIS CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE HEART TONIC.

NERVE AND FLESH-FORMING TONIC. (Prescription 66.)

Nux Phosphide,	*Soda Hypophosphite,*
Calcium Hypophosphite,	*Casein,*
Lecithin,	*Potassium Hypophosphite.*

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144), 22/- (432 tablets).

BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, GRAVEL. (Prescription 42.)

Potassium Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchus, Vesico Terpentine, Bearberry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil, Capsules.

Lumbago, Rheumatism, Gravel, Sciatica, etc.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144 tablets).

ANÆMIA, PALLOR, LANGUOR, BLOODLESSNESS. (Prescription 285.)

Useful for Anæmic housewives, either male or female.

Blaud Pill, Calc. Sulph., Aloin, Manganese Citrate, Nux Vomica Extract, Lecithin.

With directions. Price 1/- (50), 2/- (75), and 3/6 (144 pills).

BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, ON THE CHEST, NASAL CATARRH (Prescription 291)

Paregoric Elixir, Liquorice Extract, Pine Tar, Creosote.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144 pills). Can be advantageously taken while using No. 80pTX. *See above.*

DROPSY. (Prescription 233.)

An old and well-tried formula when heart, liver and kidneys are all at fault.

Squill, Digitalis, Calomel, Ottom.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144). With directions.

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION. (Prescription 2,602.)

Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home as a gentle laxative.

Barbados Aloes, Capsicine, Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap.

With directions. Price 1/- (75), 2/6 (200), or 3/- (300 pills).

ARTERIO SCLEROSIS. (Prescription 1,103.)

A Specialist's prescription, containing *Sodium, Magnesium and Calcium Salts* in suitable proportions.

Steadies the heart, renews the arteries, and improves circulation. With directions. Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (100 tablets).

BLOOD IMPURITIES, SKIN COMPLEXION, PIMPLES, ACNE AND OTHER ERUPTIONS. (Prescription 442.)

Charcoal, Dried Sulph. Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica, Gentian. Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 3/3 (144), 9/- (432 tablets).

GOUT, ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATISM, THE GOUT, SWOLLEN TOES and FINGERS. (Prescription 76.)

Colchicum, Blue Pill, Rhubarb Pill, Hyoscyamus, Methylene Blue.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144 pills).

CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, TORPID LIVER, BILIOUSNESS, AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 324.)

Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hyoscyamus, and Gentian.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144 pills).

COUGH LOZENGES FOR ADULTS. (Prescription 581.)

A special prescription containing *Ipecac, Morphia, Squill, Benzoin, etc.* Price 1/6 and 3/-

TORPID LIVER, BILIOUSNESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES. (Prescription 282.)

Cubebs, Venice Turpentine, Colchicum, Gravel Nut, Podophyllin, Capsules, etc.

Useful for Constipation, Rheumatism, Bladder and Kidney Troubles.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144 pills).

SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, NERVE ACHES, ARTHRITIS, AND INFLUENZA. (Prescription 283.)

Aspirin, Phenacetin, Dover's Powder.

Price 1/6 (25), 2/- (50), 2/6 (100 tablets). With directions.

CONSUMPTION LUNG TONIC. (Prescription 228.)

Creosote, Cinnamon, Bone Marrow, Lecithin, Phosphorous and Iodine.

Useful in combating lung weakness. Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144), 22/- (432 tablets). Pamphlet 2d.

OBSTINATELY SKIN, PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ALOPECIA (HALO PATCHES). (Prescription 668.)

Mercury Perchl., Creosote, Zinc Ointment.

To be applied night and morning. Price 1/6 and 4/-.

SHINGLES, GRANULAR LIDS, BOILS, SKIN, CHAPS, SORENESS, &c. (Prescription 581).

Lanolin, Witch Hazel, Phenol, Deodorant. Price 9½d. and 1/6 per tin.

SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, LARYNGITIS, TONSILITIS, &c. (Prescription 1,024.)

Potassium, Chlorate, Borax, Formamint, Tannin, Cinnamon, Eucalyptus.

Excellent for Public Speakers. Price 9d. (25), 2/6 (75), 3/6 (144 tablets).

HARD OR SOFT CORNS, PAINFUL CORNS. (Prescription 591.)

Get rid of them with this.

Salicylic Acid, Kaolin Ointment, etc. With directions. Price 9½d.

ACUTE NASAL CATARRH.

Relieved in 2 minutes. Cured in 2 days.

Trial Size 1/-

The symptoms of Nasal Catarrh include a muco-purulent and offensive nasal discharge, incessant sneezing, sense of fullness of the nose, mouth breathing, nasal twang, frontal headache, defective taste and smell, watering of the eyes, dry throat, deafness, hawking, etc.

Nasal Catarrh is often the first stage of BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, COLD ON THE CHEST, PNEUMONIA, THROAT, EAR and LUNG TROUBLES.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Keep mouth and nose germ-free by the timely and regular use of this prescription, and dwell long in the land of the living.

Shadforth Prescription No. 80pTX. A new effervescent, germicidal tablet. Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (75), 3/9 (144). Can be advantageously used at the same time as No. 331.

ACIDITY, SOUR TASTE, HEARTBURN, WIND. (Prescription 1,077.)

Bismuth, Soda, Magnesia, Carminatives. In tablets. Non-purgative. Price 1/- (50), 2/6 (75), 3/9 (144), 7/- (432).

FORCED MARCH TONIC. (Prescription 469.)

Will help you over the stile.

Nux Vomica, Lecithin, Coca, Damiana.

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ASPIRIN TABLETS. (Prescription 561.)

Special offer to Mail Order Customers, of 100 tablets for 1/6.

ANTI-GREMBLE AND GREY HAIR TABLETS. (Prescription 344.)

Gives remarkable results and improves health.

Potassium Hypophosphite, Phosphate, Bicarbonate and Citrate.

Price 1/-, 2/6, and 7/-. With directions.

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A known, admired, and approved remedy, registered in the Pharmaceutical Journal Formulary as Blood Purifier.

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CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION. (Prescription 2,602.)

Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home as a gentle laxative.

Barbados Aloes, Capsicine, Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap.

With directions. Price 1/- (75), 2/6 (200), or 3/- (300 pills).

You can have these medicines post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

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JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Gerrard 9666
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Help!

Mr. McKenna says that if prices returned to pre-war level Income Tax would be 8s. in the £! We don't believe him; but it's a horrid thought!

Good for Glasgow.

The Duke of York was highly delighted with his enthusiastic reception in Glasgow, where so many communists are supposed to live. The commercial capital of Scotland is all right.

Sindbad the Trader.

The Government intends to restrict State interference in industry. With this "old man of the sea" off its back, British trade will make swifter progress.

The Boastful Hun.

"I am a German," said Herr Thyssen proudly at his French court-martial. Obviously. Otherwise he would not be fined for refusing to pay up.

"Turn Again, Winston."

It is not surprising that close friends of Mr. Winston Churchill are trying to pave the way for his return to the Conservative fold. But there are men in the party who will not have "Turn Again" Winston at any price.

Footing The Bill.

It is going to cost us twenty-four hundred million to repay America for help given in the war. Who won the war may be an open question: there is no doubt as to who has got to pay for it.

Cheaper Food.

The farmer complains that he is losing money on supplying us with food: the consumer that he is being overcharged. The middleman says nothing. He is too busy profiteering. A more practical government would "search his pockets."

On the Track.

The French authorities are at last on the track of the investments of Stinnes, and it is to be hoped that the British Government will assist by complying with the French request for particulars of his investments in British War Loan.

An Innocent German.

A denaturalised German left three thousand pounds to train spiritualistic mediums. The bequest failed. Only the charlatans will be disappointed.

No New Wars!

With British Armies in Bagdad, Chanak, Constantinople and Jerusalem, no wonder that taxation is still such a crushing burden. Bring them all home!

A Last Chance.

Now or never is the time for the League of Nations to do something. If it does not intervene in the present crises it might as well confess itself a failure—and dissolve.

Contemptible.

The theft of the brass plate that marks the spot where Jack Cornwall, the boy V.C., died is the meanest crime imaginable. If the thief has a spark of manliness left, it will be returned.

Pity 'Tis, 'Tis True!

Mr. Fisher, ex-Minister of Education, complains that in this country we do not give genius a fair chance. Only too true: intellect is at a discount and mediocrity at a premium!

An Impossible Figure.

Parliament must not allow agricultural labourers to be forced to accept 18s. per week. It is not a wage; it is a badge of serfdom, and this is 1923.

Nothing Doing.

After announcing that she wished to join the League of Nations, Turkey has refused to submit questions of territory to the League for arbitration. Sincerity never was the Turks' strong point.

A Stormy Session.

Stormy weather is the forecast for the next Parliamentary Session. Labour, led by the Scottish phalanx, is determined to permit neither peace nor tranquillity. So long as mere "noise" doesn't stop real work, there will be few grumblers.

Our Net Sales

The Net Sales of John Bull which are given hereunder are the largest of any twopenny weekly periodical in the world

Issue dated Dec.	*23rd, 1922*	*564,901*
"	*30th* "	*579,838*
"	*Jan. 6th, 1923*	*587,990*
"	" *13th* "	*594,344*
"	" *20th* "	*616,122*

Certified by FRANKLIN, WILD & Co., Orient House, New Broad Street, E.C., and MARWICK, MITCHELL & Co., Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, S.W.1.
Chartered Accountants.

Out of Date.

The best way to eliminate all danger from gas is to substitute electricity. Gas is, in these days, a relic of antiquity.

Not Good Enough.

Traders are saying that an increase of 1d. per lb. on tea will not be felt. If that's the only reason for the increase it's a mighty poor one.

Better than Nothing.

The suggestion to make unemployed boys and girls attend school instead of merely idling is a good one. Idleness and mischief are bedfellows.

Full Circle.

Communism in Russia is dead—and Lenin is reported to be dying. With a little aid from outside Russia has a chance of becoming civilised again.

What's the Game?

M. Krassin is here "on holiday." So is the London agent of Krupps. H'm! Where there's smoke there's usually fire. We suspect all the calls the latter is making on the former.

Hush! Hush!

The Health Minister has been found a "safe" seat, but the Government daren't announce where lest someone comes along and takes it from him! And some people deny that politics is a game!

Shameful Neglect.

We have almost forgotten the bombardment of the Hartlepools. So have the Government, who have kept many people, maimed for life, waiting eight years for the settlement of their compensation claims. Someone needs waking up.

Scotland Yard Goes to School.

It is good to hear that Scotland Yard men are studying Sherlock Holmes on the film. There is plenty of room for learning how to cope with crime.

Littlehampton Mystery.

After the special film course, perhaps some acute sleuth from the Yard can unmask the anonymous letter-writer of Littlehampton. A small community, a local post office—and yet the miscreant enjoys immunity for years.

Games and Sundays.

Mrs. Hudson Lyall, L.C.C., boasts of the large number of petitions received by the London County Council against Sunday games. This is not surprising. The killjoys have always been very careful in the manufacture of their opposition.

Suffer Little Children.

The following notice appears on an advertisement board in Kentish Town Road:—"Wanted: four unfurnished rooms, where two little children who are seldom seen and never heard, will be suffered to accompany parents." Pity the parent who has to act as childhood's silencer.

A Parson We Like.

The Rev. F. L. Jennings, a Battersea curate, recently visited the taverns in the town, and, having been treated three times, reports that his companions were "a decent lot." Let us hope that, with reciprocal feeling, they will now go to church and report that he is a decent parson. If they do, they'll tell no lie.

More Money Wasters.

Public money was badly wasted by the Ministry of Labour when they took poor old Thomas Waterhouse, of Preston, into Court. After being 57 years a worker for one firm, the old chap found himself on the industrial scrap-heap, nearly blind and very poor. The summons against him was for obtaining doles to which he was not entitled. The case was withdrawn. What we want to know is who started it?

We Fight by Her Side.

"I shall fight for him as he fought for his King and Country," wrote a widow regarding the case of her only son which was before the Billericay Guardians, who have refused to treat ex-Service men in mental hospitals as paupers. The son was called to the colours in 1918, and after service in India contracted malaria. He was sent home to Netley Hospital and discharged with a pension of 5s. 6d. a week and treatment. May the mother's fight succeed.

Priestly Poverty.

Bishop Welldon (a bachelor, by the way) says that the clergy "in their early and poverty-stricken years" should keep themselves free from improvident marriages. We are surprised. It was meant that men should take unto themselves wives, and be the fathers of children. Marriage means safety in the realm of the Church as in the outside world. The pity is that so many curates who marry are doomed to comparative poverty. Why are they not paid a living wage?

The Cash Bonus Tea Bubble.

The cash bonus tea bubble has not been burst yet. It is still being blown by The "Standard" Tea Company, 74, York Street, Glasgow. A Partick reader who has taken their tea for eight weeks on the assurance of a canvasser that she would receive a 40s. bonus on January 2nd, tells us that the agent has not called this year and her letters to the firm remained unanswered. The firm will say that their agents are not authorised to say when or to whom gifts are payable. It's an old, old story.

"Love Your Enemies."

The Free Church Touring Guild, with headquarters at the Memorial Hall, London, E.C., which sends out circulars printed and posted in Germany, last year "provided a number of Free Church ministers with holidays, and handed over £250 to the National Free Church Council, in addition to other donations to suitable objects." We may be certain the latter did not include the relief of distress caused by their employing Huns to do work that should have been done in this country. "Love your enemies" seems to be the chief commandment for these peregrinating pietists.

Queer Justice.

By taking the locker out of some full trucks of coal, Thomas Speight, a Pontefract miner, caused the train to run down a slope. A pony was killed, and at least one man had to run for his life in a narrow tunnel. Speight was fined 40s. At this rate, if a man had been killed, Speight would have been fined about £5, a very long way indeed from our idea of justice.

Price of Biffing a Bobby.

Thomas Spalding Morton, of Acresfield Road, Pendleton, was evidently born under a lucky star. Recently he ran his car into a policeman and bowled him over. And it cost Morton only £5. In some parts of the North, as Judge Parry pointed out to another fool driver, road hogs are not so lucky.

Diamonds Not Trumps.

Established to train and employ disabled ex-Service men in diamond cutting, etc., the Brighton Diamond Works have closed down. A Dutch firm is now negotiating to take them over, but it seems strange that lack of enterprise in this country should allow the good work initiated by Sir Bernard Oppenheimer to pass into the hands of foreigners.

A Mean Trick.

Noticing an advertisement for district representatives inserted in a daily paper by Messrs. Utilities, 62, Seel Street, Liverpool, a Walthamstow reader applied for a job, enclosing references as requested. A few days later his letter of application and references were returned to him without comment in an unstamped envelope, on which he had to pay 3d. We do not know what wares the firm deal in, but evidently they do not regard common courtesy as being among the utilities.

Wanted—a Stipendiary.

Leicester is badly in need of a Stipendiary Magistrate. Thomas James Bowness, charged with the theft of clothes from his employers which he took to enable him to keep up a smart appearance, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, notwithstanding an excellent record and a request for leniency from the firm who were willing to take him back. Branding such a man for life as a criminal is senseless. Has Sir Samuel Faire, the Chairman, never heard of the First Offenders Act?

Stockport's Favoured Few.

Stockport residents may well feel indignant at the methods of the Borough Council. They advertised for a School Attendance Officer, but although there were many more suitable applicants, the post was given to the son of a Councillor on the Education Committee. Then they advertised for a man and wife as Superintendent and Matron of the Public Baths, and although out of eleven selected applications nine were from ex-Service men, an applicant who never served at all was appointed. Rotten!

The Veterans' Corps.

What is the matter with the Veterans' Corps? Although Major Arthur Haggard and Lieut. S. W. Brooks, the Chairman and Secretary respectively, continue to solicit ex-Service men to join at a cost of £12 10s. with an annual subscription of 10s., we have many complaints from members who have had no work for many months. To canvass for fresh members when work cannot be found for those already enrolled rather suggests that the fees of new members are a greater consideration than the welfare of the old.

Precept and Practice.

Six years ago the Manchester Education Committee applied for official sanction to have a loan for work in respect of Orford Street School. Permission has only just been received and the building will now cost £3,000 extra, as the result of Government delay. The "axe" should save time as well as money.

Little Footlight Slaves.

We are glad the Glasgow Education Authority has banned children of school age appearing in any theatrical production in that city. It was stated that the usual salary paid was a few shillings per week, which makes the Authority's action the more necessary. But what is wanted is a universal, not a local, ban, and no chance of dodging it.

Quack, Quack!

Judging from our correspondence there are apparently many people still in danger of being snared by "Elmer Shirley," who now operates from 52, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. This is but one of the many aliases of the notorious quack Edward Man, who poses as a specialist in ear, nose and throat diseases. He guarantees to refund money if his treatment fails. Guarantee and treatment are alike worthless.

Stifling a Struggler.

When Mr. Charles Shoesmith started a small poultry farm at Bosham, a few of his ducks got into a brook near by. The result was that the Westbourne Council alleged pollution of the stream. When it was shown that the contamination was due to drainage from flooded farmyards, the Magistrates dismissed the case. Why should an ex-Service man struggling to earn a living be put to the expense of defending such a ridiculous action?

A Despicable Hound.

The St. Helens Magistrates were too soft-hearted when they sent Jack Broadley, of Richmond Hill St., Accrington, to gaol for three months. Representing himself as a warder at Walton Gaol he perpetrated a contemptible fraud upon an unfortunate woman whose husband was in trouble. He said he could get her husband better food if she gave him money. Cads who prey upon the poor and ignorant deserve no pity.

Piffling Punishment.

When John Urquhart, a sixteen-year-old messenger boy, was charged at Aberdeen with a series of disgraceful offences against little girls, it was pleaded on his behalf that he had already been severely thrashed by the parent of one of the girls. Now, although the repetition of the offence showed that the young blackguard was utterly unrepentant, Sheriff Laing merely fined him £5, which, of course, his father will have to pay. What a travesty of justice!

A Compassionate Cadi.

We take off our hat to Mr. W. Sanderson, the Presiding Magistrate at Richmond, who, when Herbert Charles Jackson, a Manchester man, was brought before him for failing to comply with a maintenance order and explained that he had lost his home and most of his business, lent him 23s. 2d. to enable him to return to Manchester and start afresh. "You had better have another shilling, hadn't you?" said this compassionate cadi as Jackson was leaving, and 4s. more was pressed into his hand as he went out. Such kindly actions soften the asperities of Police Court justice.

A Debaucher's Sentence.

Sheriff Laing was merciful when he sentenced William Cumming at Aberdeen to 18 months' hard labour for having criminally assaulted his stepdaughter, under 16, the illegitimate daughter of his deceased wife. It was stated that had the child been legitimate the charge would have been more serious. We don't think it could be. Anyway, where is the difference?

Latest Confidence Trick.

The latest variation of the notorious Castle in Spain swindle is an appeal for funds to enable the heir to a valuable property in Smyrna to prosecute his claims. Mugs are by no means wanting, but we can hardly conceive anyone sufficiently gullible to risk money on the strength of a possible fortune in Smyrna.

Humanity at Last.

A recent War Office circular announced that officers and nurses on full or half-pay suffering from tuberculosis contracted on service may apply to be treated at public expense. In special cases treatment in Switzerland will be arranged on payment of travelling expenses. Good—but the principle should apply to all ranks and to past service as well as to present.

"Names, Please."

The severe reprimand administered to the two Accrington schoolboys, whose names were suppressed, is a totally inadequate punishment for their cruelty. They took a wee girl of five to the home of the elder boy and, in the absence of the family, subjected her to countless indignities. They were merely put in the care of the Probation Officer. Have the Accrington Magistrates no little daughters of their own that they show such misplaced leniency?

Churlish Cheeseparing.

Until recently the St. Albans Guardians paid 1s. an hour for wood-chopping. Now they have reduced the rate to 10d., and in reply to protests allow the men to work more hours so as to make their wages £2, less 1s. 2d. for insurance. Seeing that before they took on this work some of the men were drawing £1 17s. 6d. a week in relief and dole, this cheeseparing policy is churlish. Why shouldn't the fellows have a Saturday half-holiday without loss of pay?

Diagnosis at Sea.

George William Speller, of Acton, found at Chertsey, suffering from loss of memory, was taken to a sanatorium, where he was treated for tubercular disease of the throat. Later he was removed to the Middlesex Hospital, where his complaint was diagnosed as a malignant internal growth. Here he died, the doctor who performed the post-mortem stating that death was due to the effect of an acid poison. They got it at last!

The Indignant Vicars.

The Rev. Walter E. Harston Morris, Vicar of All Saints', and the Rev. Herbert George Thompson, Vicar of St. Luke's, Southport, seem to think that two blacks make a white. Thoughtless youths who greeted the figure of one of the Apostles on the screen at a local cinema with cat-calls and cries of "Beaver!" certainly deserve a severe talking to, but so do men of culture who describe the offenders as "lower animals" and urge that they should be thrown into "the gutter, where they would feel more at home." To us it appears a disgraceful ebullition of temper discreditable to those who displayed it.

Four Contemptibles.

Isaac Smith and Walter Hudson, of Grimsby, ought to be thrown into the Humber. The woman about whom they fought is little, if any, better than the men. She is Hudson's wife, and it is stated that she was handed over to Smith to live with him, and that in the bargaining for her possession a lawyer drew up an agreement. So altogether there were four fools.

Give 'Em Cold Water.

Many total abstainers have the idea that they are the only good people in the world. An association of cold water bigots at Bradford were told by the Mayor of Keighley (Mr. Newman King), a man of sound common sense, that they are doing harm to true temperance by their intolerance. He might well have added that the ranting advocates of prohibition ought to be sunk up to the neck in the cold stuff they profess to like.

MOTHER'S CURE

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THERE is an authentic story of a family whose persistent ill-luck ceased through laughter.

A succession of years of privation and misfortune had driven hope out of the hearts of all the members of the household in question.

Sickness, financial losses, professional and business disappointments had so overshadowed them that they lived in continual sadness and depression.

They were loyal enough to one another, but nothing they attempted to improve their condition ever came off.

One day, after the receipt of a fresh piece of bad news, the comical aspect of the situation suddenly struck the mother and she started to laugh.

Her laugh was infectious; the rest of the family had no idea what she was laughing at but they could not help laughing, too.

This made her laugh harder.

The more they laughed the more she laughed, the more she laughed the more they laughed.

When at length the laughter stopped they all found to their amazement that they were quite happy despite their troubles.

That was the turning point in their history.

Nothing ever went wrong with them again but they laughed at it.

If they felt dismal, or if any one of them felt dismal, they just laughed in company and all was well.

They prospered. New doors opened, new opportunities came, and they never looked back any more.

They always called their laughter expedient, "Mother's Cure."

There was more in this than they knew.

It is a well-known psychological fact that any mood tends to produce the facial expression appropriate to that mood.

If we feel gloomy we usually look gloomy, and vice versa.

But it is equally true, though not so well known, that the facial expression will produce the mood.

Look cheerful and you become cheerful; look grave and you become grave.

Try it. It is a simple way of cultivating happiness, and a good one.

"Wake up, Croydon."

When Gordon Thompson was summoned and fined at Croydon for having the index plate of his tricycle too small, he stated that he had used it ever since 1914. If this is so, then the Croydon police require a good shaking for their eight years' slackness, and a gentle pat on the back for their final smartness.

Funny Forfar.

Mr. Peter Kennedy, a general merchant, of Friockheim, was, at the instance of the Procurator-Fiscal of Forfar, charged with the heinous offence of having on Sunday, 31st December, 1922, at 10.55 p.m., sold a "squib." And for thus encouraging hogmanay hilarity he was find £1 with the alternative of ten days in prison. No wonder they say a Scot jokes wi' deeficulty!

What price Price?

George Price, a Blaengarw farmer, told the magistrates that he had never paid wages to any of his three sons who worked for him on the farm, just giving them a shilling or two a week as pocket money. Seeing that one of the said sons is twenty-five and had a wife to support they don't seem to be over-paid. Farming must be a money-making business the way Price conducts it.

Mail Order Specialists.

We have received many enquiries regarding Mail Order Specialists' circulars which are being sent broadcast through the post. Notable among these get-rich-quick merchants are H. A. Chesterfield, of 4, Duke Street, Strand, London, W.C., and W. J. Ballard, of 71, Graces Road, Camberwell, London, S.E., whose wonderful offers are identical in wording. We cannot advise business with either of them. In each case it's your money they want.

Coomassie Cadgers.

The Gold Coast niggers are still at their old game of writing to strangers asking for miscellaneous goods in return for which they promise to send African curios—which, of course, never arrive. A reader forwards us a couple of illiterate epistles in which the writers say they saw his name in "beautiful newspaper JOHN BULL." However gratifying the reference may be as an indication of our world-wide circulation, the best place to put the letters is on the fire.

The Cheerless Cup.

A reader with a thirst—for information—wrote to a firm of tea merchants and asked how many cups of tea could be made from one lb. The reply was 240 cups. Now he asks us why the railway companies charge 3d. for a cup of the cheerless concoction they facetiously call tea. For that matter, why do they charge 2½d. for a penny bun—and stale at that? Not in order to pay the waitresses' wages, for they get little enough. The whole business of railway catering is a public scandal.

Cash and Discredit.

Barclay's, 59, Great Portland Street, London, W., camouflages the low-down business activities of C. G. Cowell. He advertises warm winter coats which are sent on payment of 7s. 6d. deposit plus 1s. for postage. The garments frequently fail to give satisfaction, and many purchasers have promptly returned them and asked for their money back in accordance with a definite undertaking in the advertisement. Instead of their money, however, they receive an offer of other goods, and further requests for the return of the cash remain unanswered.

Exploiter of Poor Children

WITH astounding impudence a barefaced charity pest named George H. Breton, is fleecing the public under the pretence of administering to the needs of poor children of the slums. Employing paid agents he collects large sums of money in all parts of the country, most of which finds its way into his own pockets. His ramifications are revealed here.

OF all shameful frauds those perpetrated in the sacred name of Charity are surely the worst. Consequently we make no apology for returning to the charges, vile and varied as they are, against George H. Breton, the scoundrel who, under the guise of aiding the poor, continues to fleece the well-to-do. And to rob the poor also, for, as is notorious, there is none more ready to succour the needy than those who themselves have known the pinch of poverty.

A week or two ago we told how George Breton, who for the last forty years has lived on fraudulent collecting schemes, had established a "Rogues' Mission" in connection with a church at Edmonton, the deacons of which can never have been aware of his true character, or they would never have touched this bogus charity-monger with the end of a barge pole.

At that time we threw our searchlight upon the scoundrel Breton, exposing his long and fraudulent connection with the so-called "Poor Children's Society," through which he had diverted into his own pockets vast sums obtained from a well-disposed public. After denouncing this rascal in no uncertain terms, we called upon the Charity Organisation Society to take action, but apparently they have done nothing in the matter beyond issuing a vague warning against this prince of charity pests.

In these circumstances we have no option but to go on with our exposures, and this time it is to the pleasant town of Bournemouth that the track of George Breton must be pursued.

Early in 1922, Breton appointed a Mr. W. Knight-Clarke, of 55, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, as secretary of a newly founded local branch of his precious "Poor Children's Society." This concern was opened to the accompaniment of such an outpouring of sob-stuff as the Garden City of the South has seldom seen.

Suburban householders as they opened their morning letters were moved to tears by terrible tales of woe relating to the sufferings of poor little slum-dwellers in their own town whose very existence they had never before suspected. These leaflets were distributed broadcast throughout the Bournemouth area, and paid collectors were appointed by Mr. Knight-Clarke—who, to do him justice, never knew the true nature of his employer—to collect money for the Society which was to heal the sorrows of the poor little children and make them as happy as the angels in heaven.

A banking account was opened at Barclays Bank in the name of the "Poor Children's Society," by the local secretary, who, as an honest man, proposed to make himself directly responsible for all money collected; but when the news of this financial arrangement reached George Breton in London, instructions were at once sent to Bournemouth that such a commercial proceeding would never do at all.

The great presiding genius in London, none other than George Breton himself, must keep his hands on his cash. Beyond paying the collectors, honest Mr. Knight-Clarke was not allowed to touch the money in the bank, and the very rent of the Bournemouth office was paid direct from London.

Making inquiries at the local branch of Barclays, Mr. Knight-Clarke learned that even the pass-book had found its way to the Metropolis, and it was only after considerable efforts that he was allowed a glimpse of this interesting document. With a shock he then learned that several large amounts had been paid privately to Breton by the bank, the great friend of the little children having obtained a separate cheque book by means of which he could draw on the Bournemouth funds at his own sweet will and pleasure.

This, as dear Mr. Knight-Clarke in his innocence observed, was "distinctly unsatisfactory." It certainly was. Honest charitable promoters do not keep their secretaries in the dark regarding matters of this kind.

But we happen to know Mr. George Breton as Mr. Knight-Clarke unfortunately did not. Otherwise no doubt he would have cut the unsavoury connection long before he did. Indeed, it only is fair to this gentleman to say that his knowledge of human nature was at fault. Finally, there was a "Celebrity Ball" to be held at Bournemouth and opened by no less distinguished a person than Mr. Asquith's daughter, the Princess Bibesco. The Prince of Wales, so the good residents of Bournemouth were informed, had been asked to grace the ceremony with his presence, but had reluctantly declined.

This function, graced by the presence or patronage of half the nobility and gentry of the country, headed by Her Highness the Princess Marie Louise, was in aid of the movement organised and directed by that disgraceful scallywag George Breton.

We are told that the function "caused a sensation in Bournemouth" but was not a great financial success! How surprising! And how Mr. George Breton must smile at the guilelessness of his dupes!—unless, of course, any thoughts of the poor children he has exploited spoils his pleasant recollections of "Charity" functions.

While people like Breton are permitted to plunder the purses of the public and carry on their "Societies" in the shameful manner we have described, reputable charitable institutions will suffer a stigma they do not deserve.

BURIED LIKE A DOG.

An Englishman's Funeral at Calais.

FOR callous indifference to the respect due to a British subject dying a stranger in a foreign land the following incident is hard to beat.

On a recent Monday an Englishman named Elston, employed as a clerk by a firm near Dunkerque, had a sudden seizure and fell unconscious in the market-place at Calais. He was carried into a café and attended by three of his countrymen who had seen him fall and immediately summoned a doctor, but he died.

The matter was at once reported to the British Vice-Consul, and they were told that the body would be buried at 10 a.m. on Saturday.

At that hour the three Englishmen who had been present at his death went to the mortuary. They were astonished to see a hearse being driven at a trot towards the cemetery. They at once stopped the driver and demanded to know whose body he was conveying in such haste. When he told them it was the Englishman's they ordered him to proceed at a walk.

On arrival at the cemetery, to their amazement there was no one but the grave-digger to receive the cortege, and the body was put into the grave without ceremony and covered up as one would bury a dog.

Seeing that there is a Church of England clergyman in Calais and a Vice-Consul paid to look after the interests of British subjects such disgraceful disregard of respect for the dead is a public scandal.

THE CHINKS' REVENGE . . . . . White Girls Letters From Chinatown

OUR article in last week's issue dealing with the murderous Chinese threat upon the life of the Editor has created a great sensation.

Letters have reached us from all parts of the country from people who admire the fearless manner in which we have exposed the deadly work of the secret "dope" gang and its unscrupulous leaders.

Amazement is now expressed more than ever in influential circles regarding the accuracy of our information. Panic-stricken, the fiends behind the secret society, Chung Yee Tong, have instructed their own detectives to trace, at any cost, the people helping us in our great task. They are completely mystified.

Our Commissioner is still carrying out his nightly investigations in Chinatown. The information which has recently come to our knowledge is more astounding than ever. It has been given privately to Scotland Yard.

The authorities are now acting upon our advice and information. They know our facts are both exclusive and indisputable. A certain well-known C.I.D. officer has been to us for further particulars.

We cannot, at the present time, divulge the nature of the latest information to hand. We must not put the dope dealers, who are wary enough already, on their guard. All we can say is that Scotland Yard is at the present time working upon the facts we have given them.

From what we know, however, the end of the Chinese secret society is near at hand. If the police follow up our investigations in the proper manner, the ring-leaders will soon be behind prison bars.

JOHN BULL is being literally cursed from one end of Chinatown to the other. Copies have been burned in fits of Celestial rage and the fury of the gods called down upon it. White girls living with yellow men are writing letters to us begging that we shall stop our attacks. We shall not. Every Chinese belonging to the secret "dope" society must be brought to book before we cease our denunciations.

Our campaign has won appreciation from some of the greatest brains in the country. Medical men, lecturers, and influential speakers have applied to us for information. One in particular, a well-known West End physician, asked us for material on which to base a series of lectures he proposes to give shortly. We have helped him all we can.

Our efforts to stamp out the drug menace in this country have already met with a most gratifying success. We are proud of our achievement. We are confident that it is only a matter of time before our great task will have been finally accomplished. The stamping out of the dope trade means the salvation of many souls. The fact that we have done our duty to the public will be our greatest reward.

A Rogue of the Police Force

Amazing Story of Malice and Villainous Conspiracy

THAT a C.I.D. man should conspire to trump up a charge of robbery against an innocent person is enough to make any citizen feel that the police are as much to be feared as respected. Yet such a case has actually occurred. Here we give the full unvarnished facts about the discreditable affair.

A NATION which tolerates corruption in its police force is on the path of decadence. Are we not finding far too many cases of corruption in ours?

Last week at the Old Bailey, Detective Cecil Carey, of the "Y" Division of the Metropolitan Police, was found guilty of conspiracy to manufacture false evidence, and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

Could there be anything more disquieting than this, the very poisoning of justice at its fountain-head? If the police, whose function it is to protect the innocent, conspire against them—how can the public have any confidence in the force, in the administration of the law?

Behind the conviction of Detective Carey lies an amazing story of wickedness, of malice, of villainous conspiracy, which could not be surpassed in the annals of the old Russian Nihilist Police, or the records of the vilest agents-provocateurs in the days of Sergeant Sheridan in Ireland.

The story has not been told to the public. We propose to tell it here and now—because in the background there is an innocent man now serving a sentence in gaol for an offence he did not commit; the victim of a vile conspiracy in which this disgraced and dishonoured policeman played a leading and discreditable part.

The story begins at the Hampden Club, in Somers Town, a big residential club, where over three hundred men are in residence. The Secretary was one Septimus Salter, a prosperous and well-paid personage. He is now in gaol, with Detective Carey, whose crime he shared.

The Club was losing money mysteriously. The defalcations were heavy. Nobody could trace them. Finally an ex-policeman, Mr. Barton, a man of high character and courage, was engaged to act on the staff and find out what was wrong, as Salter himself had failed to do so.

Salter grew suspicious and uneasy. His tenure of office was in danger. He was afraid of losing his job. He became desperate and decided to get a scapegoat, somebody on whom the blame could be thrown.

Luck played into his hands, a man named Gray—the poor man now in gaol—was employed as a checker. He became unpopular with the waiters whose laxity he reported. Instead of supporting him, Salter ignored him, and in disgust Gray resigned.

Then he lost his head. In depression and despair he fled—carrying with him the day's takings of the waiters.

Salter had him arrested. He was convicted and released under the First Offenders' Act.

Salter was happy. Suspicion had been made certainty, and a real and indubitable thief had been discovered.

The search for the defalcations was resumed. Mr. Barton again got on the track. Again the scent began to get warm.

Salter then acted very strangely. He laid a wicked and incredible plot; Detective Carey was induced to join the conspiracy. The plot was to trump up a charge of theft against Gray; catch him in the act with the stolen money. If this succeeded, it would thus account for defalcations, and again restore Salter to the confidence, and obtain for him the thanks, of the directors.

The plot was carried out with daring insolence. Even a dress rehearsal was arranged. A girl in the office, Miss Wright, was told that a plot to rob her, when she would carry a bag of money to the bank on the next day, had been discovered. In the presence of the detective, she was informed she would be robbed at a certain place by a man who would snatch her bag.

Having been told this by her employer, in the presence of a police official, the dress rehearsal took place.

Next day, the real thing followed. Gray, the ex-servant of the Club, the man with a stain on his character, was lured to the scene. Detectives watched from behind a garden wall. Gray, with another man, who was in the plot, came face to face with Miss Wright. At that moment, his conspirator-companion struck Gray in the face, snatched up Miss Wright's bag and flung it to the ground. Detective Carey, who was accompanied by another detective, jumped out—and arrested Gray.

The job was done. The innocent man, with a previous black mark against him, was in the toils. The rest looked easy.

Then the rogues discovered that they had bungled. There was only £5 in the bag. That was not enough. Salter rushed back to the Club, gathered all the loose money he could, rushed back to the police station, and put the extra money in the bag, making £47 in all.

It sounds incredible, but these are the facts.

What followed? Poor Gray pleaded guilty—on advice. If he denied his guilt (he was told) with his previous conviction for theft from the same Club hanging over him, he would get a heavy sentence. If he pleaded guilty, Salter would beg for clemency. He pleaded guilty. He got eight months. He is still in gaol.

Salter was again triumphant. Again he became self-confident and self-assured. Of one man only he was afraid. This was Mr. Barton, the ex-detective on his staff. He attacked him before the directors. He demanded his dismissal. The directors yielded.

But Barton would not be shaken off. Before Gray's trial came on he went to Sir Archibald Bodkin, Director of Public Prosecutions, and told him the whole story. He found out from Miss Wright of the rehearsal for the crime. He unearthed the whole conspiracy.

Result: Carey and Salter were arrested for conspiring to manufacture false evidence. Last week, the case was tried before the Recorder, and both were found guilty and sent to gaol.

But the authorities cannot let it rest here. They must release Gray—the victim of the conspiracy, the man who was frightened into admitting a crime he did not commit. They must investigate all the steps in the crime, which implicates more than Carey and Salter.

How about the police who were so miraculously on the scene when the planted theft took place? Did they not know it was a plant?

How about the police at the station? Did they not know what money was in the bag? Did they not know it was added to? Why did they not investigate thoroughly a scandal of this kind? Was their laxity due to a desire to protect Detective Carey, and his dishonourable conduct?

If so, what is the duty of the high police authorities—the duty to respectable policemen and the public?

This is one of the most scandalous stories of police corruption ever told. But for our inquiries the real facts would never have been brought to light.

We now call upon the Home Secretary to investigate this story—and to act on it. The Augean stables of police corruption must be cleaned. There is nothing worse than the corruption of what should be the best in the body politic.

When the police become rogues how are we to police the police themselves?

WON'T WASH CLOTHES!

Chelsea Commissioners' Monkey Tricks

THE Chelsea Commissioners who deal with Service Pensions seem to have adopted as their motto the phrase associated with a well-known brand of hard soap.

W. J. Doyle, of Lisnally Cottages, Omagh, Co. Tyrone, is an ex-Lance-Sergeant of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. He has over twenty-one years' service to his credit—more than sixteen of which he spent abroad. He holds six war decorations, including the Military Medal, and receives a Service Pension of 2s. 10d. a day.

When he was discharged from the Army, last April, he thought he would settle down to civilian life in the Old Country. His wife and daughter are first-class laundry-women, and started to do the washing for the soldiers and civilians in Omagh. In a country where cleanliness is still regarded as one of the chief virtues their industry prospered, and they had so much work offered them that they had to send a good deal of it away again—having only one tub and washboard.

As their inability to deal with all the washing that was offered them represented a loss of from £1 to 30s. weekly, Doyle thought it would be a good thing to commute 4d. a day of his pension and procure extra plant. He accordingly wrote to the Commissioners at Chelsea Hospital stating his desire, and after about a month received a huge form to fill in. He had to state how he intended to spend the money, and get the statement signed by a clergyman and by his wife. He had also to get two other persons to state whether the money would benefit him or not.

Somewhat overawed by the importance attached by the Commissioners to such a simple transaction, he wrote out a statement explaining that he proposed to buy boilers, tubs, boards, brushes, coals, soap, lines, and pegs, erect a shed, and purchase a donkey and cart, got it duly signed by a clergyman and the wife of his bosom, and sent it to the Commissioners.

Two Captains of the Inniskillings wrote out statements which left no doubt that, in their opinion, the commutation would greatly benefit him.

Then the family went on with the washing while the Commissioners at Chelsea debated this all-important matter for a couple of months.

At the end of that period they informed him that they could not allow him to commute any portion of his pension as they were not satisfied that it would be to his *distinct and permanent advantage*—thickly underlined!

The British Legion endeavoured to persuade them to reconsider their decision, but without avail.

Ireland is still a distressful country, and Omagh does so want to be clean!

A Brave Man's Fight for His Life

How An Innocent Man Was Cast Into Prison

No more remarkable and disgraceful story of victimisation by the authorities has ever been unfolded than that which we give here. Even after blunders were made, and practically admitted by the release of the victim from gaol, every hindrance possible is put in the way of his efforts to clear his character.

THE fight for life of a British soldier, from whom, in spite of wrongs unthinkable, compensation has been callously withheld! A story that, unless at the eleventh hour justice is done, will leave an indelible stain upon our annals! Let every decent citizen read it and blush.

The victim of the atrocities we are about to relate is ex-Section Leader Blake, a man who before joining the Black and Tans had an honourable record of service in the Army.

To-day he is down and out, mercilessly ground beneath the iron heel of officialdom, workless and hopeless, robbed almost of life itself.

The story of the injustice done to him is well nigh unbelievable. That it should have happened under the British flag is a shame and a disgrace. Such a story of cruelty would be incredible beneath the sway of Turkish brigands.

On first joining the Black and Tans Blake did amazingly well. In a very short time he was promoted to the rank of Section Leader, but soon a change, sudden and dramatic as it was cruel and oppressive, was to come.

Suddenly, without warning and without the formulation of any charge, the poor fellow was seized and flung into a cell in Beggar's Bush Barracks, where for six weeks he was kept under close detention.

Inquiring the nature of the complaint against him, he was callously snubbed. Rough discipline prevailed in Ireland, and it was not for him to question the orders of his superiors. Others were in like case with him, and he must wait.

And so on, in sickening defiance of those elementary principles of justice to which even the armed forces of the Crown have certain definite rights of appeal.

At the end of six weeks, however, the prisoner was graciously allowed to see one of the superior officers of the Black and Tans, a certain General Wood, who appears to have occupied a position of high authority. Even then, as the man's papers clearly show, no definite charge was preferred against him.

The six weeks' imprisonment apparently was to count for nothing. But he was "dismissed the Force"—that edict of disgrace feared by every true soldier. Cashiered, expelled, dishonoured—and still upon no definite accusation of wrongdoing!

At length, however, a shred of light began to dawn upon the mystery. By dint of constant importunity Blake managed to get an interview with General Tudor, who hinted that the dismissal from the Cadet Battalion had something to do with "the intimidation of witnesses."

It might have been thought that if there had been the slightest foundation for this serious charge proceedings would have been taken. But no. Still no definite accusation, no opportunity of refuting the insinuation, no formal trial, and therefore, of course—careful Commandants Wood and Tudor!—no conviction which *they* might otherwise have had to justify before *their* superiors in the full light of day.

Thus provoked, Blake at last blundered—if, indeed, in the long run it should prove a blunder, which we take leave to doubt. Quite simply he threatened, as many another soldier in desperate trouble has done, to "write to JOHN BULL about it."

The effect was electric. Immediately the culprit without a charge was flung back into the cells; a man dismissed from the Force, over whom the authorities had formally relinquished control, hurled back into a barrack gaol. But not for long this time.

Early one morning ex-Section Leader Blake was again summoned before his superiors and told that he was to be sent on a special mission to Balbriggan, there to interrogate two women, suspected of collusion with the Sinn Feiners, who might be able to furnish some information in regard to their secret haunts.

Exalted by this strange turn of fortune's wheel to a fresh position of authority, Blake was supplied with a motor-car and a Black and Tan driver, and so off on his perilous journey, taking a sergeant with him in case the task should prove even more hazardous than it seemed.

The manners of the Black and Tan rank and file in Ireland were none of the best. Peril bred recklessness, and recklessness meant drunkenness, about the only excitement to be had in the wilds of the South and West.

What happened on that fatal night will never be discovered in the absence of the full inquiry which Blake courageously and justly demands. Until the authorities take steps to challenge its truth, Blake's story stands.

According to his account both his companions got hopelessly drunk, brandished loaded revolvers in the quiet village of Balbriggan, terrified and outraged women in local shops, until finally they were bludgeoned into some semblance of decency by a local police patrol.

As the only one of the party who appeared to be sober, Blake was asked for his name and credentials, which he willingly and correctly gave. Unfortunately, however, the patrol allowed the armed desperadoes to proceed, and further scenes of violence and debauchery ensued.

It has been actually proved that Blake possessed himself of part of the loot, which he ultimately handed in at the Beggar's Bush Barracks with a full report of the disgraceful incidents which had occurred on the night ride to and from Balbriggan. A full report was taken by the two officers in charge and stands on record to-day.

We can tell the rest of this amazing story in a few poignant words. One of the ruffians who had accompanied Blake on his night ride deserted and fled the country, and the man who, to say the worst, had merely failed to restrain their brutal violence was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

Of course, he did not serve the monstrous sentence, for truth sooner or later, even in such sinister circumstances as these, will out.

In a matter of weeks he was free—free to beg, to starve, to die. It had come to the knowledge of the authorities in Dublin that they had made a ghastly blunder, that the true delinquents had escaped, that an innocent man had been made to bear the brunt of their wrong-doing.

Yet, in spite of all the War Office authorities have declined a further inquiry, refused to cancel the stain upon this man's character, denied him the simple right of reinstatement in the eyes of the world as a decent man.

It is a story of bitter injustice we have seldom seen paralleled. But the man who in the hour of his extremity "writes to JOHN BULL about it" can count upon our support.

PURGING THE DIVORCE COURTS . . Unabated Evil That Requires Drastic Measures

THE authorities have at last decided on a new campaign to purge the Divorce Courts of the perjury and wholesale collusion that undoubtedly exists.

It has been found that in many cases solicitors are as much to blame as their clients in conspiracies to defeat the ends of justice by misleading the Courts, and in a number of cases under consideration at the present time it is highly probable that action will be taken against the solicitors involved.

Experience of the last few months has proved to the hilt our charge that there are men and women who are ready to defeat the ends of justice by hiring themselves out as the guilty partners of those seeking divorce, and it has also been proved that certain types of solicitors are not only aware of the existence of these professional perjurers and conscienceless compromisers but are not above employing them when a rich client seeks such aid to striking off marriage shackles that are irksome.

In future where there are elements of suspicion the facts will be reported at once to the Law Society with a request for investigation, unless of course the circumstances are such as to warrant criminal prosecution.

One of the clearest indications of the effect of greater zeal for purging the courts is found in the hasty abandonment of cases where it was found that the authorities were not taking too much for granted but were making independent inquiries.

One firm of solicitors with the "wind up" suddenly advised the withdrawal of two sensational cases, and in three other cases presented by the same firm the particulars of claim have been hastily amended because it was found that there had been inquiries into the antecedents of the "lady" cited as guilty paramour in each case.

Though she figured in different names in each case it was one and the same woman, a woman who has been used only too often by this firm of solicitors.

Though it is strictly speaking not within their province the officials connected with the administration of the Divorce Laws are going to recommend to the Government that in order to strengthen the efforts to purge the courts there should be immediate reform of the Divorce Laws in order to do away with the hardship at present involved in compelling people who have nothing in common to continue an alliance that has become distasteful to both.

In the memorandum on the subject now before the Government it is pointed out that reform of the law is the first step to cleaner administration.

Stress is laid on the fact that public opinion no longer respects the Divorce Law and persons who would shrink from perjury in the ordinary courts do not hesitate to enter the witness box in the Divorce Division with their tongues very much in their cheeks.

It is to be hoped that the Government will not be slow to take the hint.

INNOCENT MEN IN CHAINS

Moscow Methods in Lancashire

by ARNOLD BENNETT

In this land of ours a man is reckoned as innocent until he is proved guilty. Why, therefore, should we allow him to be dragged about in public loaded with chains? In this article Mr. Arnold Bennett denounces the system.

LAST year I drew attention to the flouting by magistrates and police of the sound general principle of English law, that an accused man is innocent until he is proved guilty. As a nation we are apt to be very proud of this great principle. But there is nothing to be proud of in a principle unless and until it is put into practice.

A correspondent has lately pointed out that the aforesaid great principle is outraged in practice far more disgracefully, cruelly and horribly than I had indicated or imagined. See that row of men on the railway station platform, gazed at by a curious public! They are chained together. Is the railway station in Moscow or Petrograd? No; it is in Lancashire. But no doubt the men thus exposed to ignominy are convicted murderers, or assaulters of little girls, or violent robbers of the poor? Not at all. They have been convicted of nothing whatever. They are merely being taken to the County Assize for trial on charges of various kinds. Legally they are as innocent as you or I.

WHY is this disgusting scandal perpetrated? Well, one reason is that it saves trouble to the police. How much easier for the police to transport chained men than unchained men! Chained men cannot possibly escape. Therefore chain them! That they are legally innocent is a detail.

Another reason is that just as the device saves trouble to the police, so it saves expense to the ratepayers. Therefore let the legally innocent man be exposed in irons to all respectable travellers. The country cannot afford to translate the great British principle of justice into practice.

But there is a further reason for publicly chaining together innocent men. The device is a historic survival. It is a survival from the days when accused persons were not allowed to have legal help in court. It is a survival from yesterday when accused persons were not allowed to appeal from a sentence. And it is characteristic of to-day, when, in a criminal case, the Crown advocate, contrary to the most elementary fairness, is given the last word to the jury.

ALSO it is characteristic of the whole of our barbaric criminal code and system, which, while pretending to reform criminals, actually manufactures habitual criminals by the hundred.

And we are so used to the horror of it all that we can see legally innocent men chained together in public without being physically sick, and without even a vehement organised protest. And there is not a daily paper in the land prepared to run a "campaign" against the monstrous outrage.

We shall be lucky if anybody goes so far as to ask a question in Parliament about the matter.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

"A MINIATURE Lord Northcliffe," was the description of Lord Rothermere given me by someone on the *Daily Mail* staff. It is partly true and partly false—true because the brothers had some features in common, false because Lord Rothermere lacks the dynamic energy that made his brother such a power in the land.

As I hinted in my sketch of him some little time before his death, Northcliffe was never quite sane. He was entirely without a sense of humour—by which I mean a sense of proportion. Eventually his vigorous mind became clouded over by the absurd value he put—and was encouraged to put—on his own importance, and he ended his life a megalomaniac.

VISCOUNT ROTHERMERE.

It is not at all likely that Lord Rothermere will follow in his brother's footsteps. To begin with he hasn't sufficient mental vitality, or genius, or whatever you like to call it, to go mad (humour is the only quality that saves 50 per cent. of our geniuses from the straitwaistcoat). Then, too, he hasn't the desire, which in his brother's case was an obsession, to "bestride the earth like a Colossus," or in other words to capture the world's paper-reading public and mould its opinions.

He is really an understudy, a somewhat pale understudy, of his brother. He adopts the same poses, the same inflections, but he hasn't the driving force to get the catchwords over the footlights. Hence the necessity of toning down the entire performance to suit his own gestures, his own temperament.

THERE was a terrified, hunted-down, spied-upon look about the principal occupants of Printing House Square and Carmelite House during the reign of Harmsworth the Great. They would speak of their Chief in whispers, as though the very walls had ears. And they must have smiled inwardly when they read the fulsome, silly obituary notices in which Lord Northcliffe was hailed as, among his own staff, the most loved and popular of all newspaper magnates.

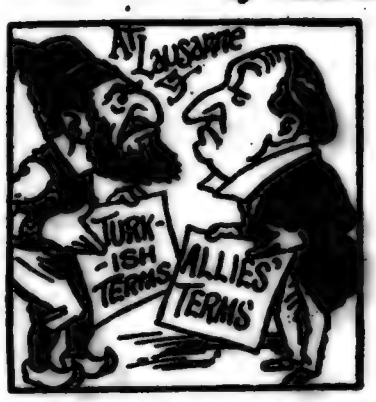
THAT paralysing atmosphere has gone now. Lord Rothermere, though not such a genius, is more of a gentleman. His nature is kindlier, his manner heartier. He would rather listen to a story than plan a stunt. And he enjoys *Answers* more than *The Times*.

Finally he differs fundamentally from his brother in a very important aspect. Lord Northcliffe could become absorbed, heart and soul, in one thing at a time to the exclusion of nearly everything else. Not so Lord Rothermere, who skips from subject to subject with butterfly versatility.

A journalist friend of mine met him at a reception during the war and started talking to him about the all-absorbing topic of the time. Lord Rothermere listened politely and then remarked: "All that's wrong with you young fellows is that you seem to imagine the world stopped going round in August, 1914. What terrible bores you'll be for the next fifty years or so!"

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND



At Lausanne, if there's one sure thing,
(According to advices)
It's this—that soon it's bound to bring
About another crisis.

Tho' "Peace" we've talked from year to year,
Prognosticators tell
That soon the listeners-in will hear
"The murmur of the shell."

If money is the root of all
The evil that is rife,
There's quite a lot to-day who've got
To lead a holy life.

To write bright rhymes in rotten times
To cartoonists a curse is;
For who can use this sort of news
As stuff for funny verses?

The Blue Stocking

[Three-foot spiked railings have been placed on the boundary wall of an Oxford College to prevent the nocturnal rambles of women students.]

Phyllis, when she entered college,
At the age of seventeen,
Thirsted for peculiar knowledge
On which growing girls are keen;
As a student most imprudent
Yearned to love.

She, like other curious misses,
Longed to ramble in the fields,
Taste the mysteries of kisses
All the joys that courtship yields.
After nightfall climbed the high wall
Out of bounds.

Now a sharp-spiked three-foot railing
Bars her progress in the art,
Phyllis seeks the never failing
Source of comfort books impart.
Builds her hopes on Marie Stopes'
"Married Love."

C. H. T.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
Monte Carlo.

DEAR WINNIE,—So you are angling to be received back into the bosom of the Conservative Party, and as a proof of good faith have allowed it to become known that you no longer see eye to eye with your old chief, Lloyd George. Isn't the notable thing about your eye the fact that it is usually on the main chance. Nobody will be surprised to hear of your latest move, but you are making the biggest mistake in the world if you think the news has caused a flutter in the national dove-cot. Your famous father said a good thing—that a man can rat once, but he cannot re-rat. Think it over. Meanwhile, if anybody tells you the Conservatives are pining for your return, don't you be too eager to believe it. JOHN BULL.

To D. N. DUNLOP, Esq.,
Chairman British Electrical Association.

SIR,—Sir Harold Bowden informs us that British trade is improving—a welcome announcement. You show us why it is not improving more. You tell us of a big electrical corporation which offered an order, made it a stipulation that a proportion of ex-soldiers should be employed—and then sent the order to Germany. Give us the name of that firm. Why let it hide its light under a German bushel? Let us have the name of this electrical corporation—we will do our bit to electrify it. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Justice HILL,
The Law Courts.

MY LORD,—When you invited a six-year-old boy, embarrassed in the atmosphere of your Court, to look at your absurd wig, you showed yourself a kindly and paternal and unaffected gentleman. "Sir," said Curran, a famous lawyer, to a friend: "Do you see anything absurd in my wig?" "No," was the reply, "except your head." No one will level this reproach at you. Heart and head are both sound. You know the difference between pomp and pomposity, between affectation and affection. Bravo! JOHN BULL.

To Dr. MARJORIE HARCOURT,
Hampstead.

DEAR MADAM,—Don't you think that your tearful appearances in our Courts of Law are losing their dramatic effect? You told the King's Bench Division that you once lived in Australia among the kangaroos and rabbits, but had come to this country to enjoy its intellectual life. You have been disappointed, and declare that our civilisation is behind that of Australia. Dry those tears, dear madam, and draw the logical conclusion. There are several lines of steamers by which you can get back to Australia. Can't you imagine the kangaroos and rabbits standing up on their hind legs and cheering? Bless their intellectual hearts—and don't disappoint 'em. JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Hon. EDWARD SHORTT, K.C.,
Ex-Home Secretary.

SIR,—Your departure from office, unlamented by the public, has touched the tender heart of the police, who have presented you with an address on vellum. It is a strange position for an ex-Home Secretary, receiving a testimonial presented by a full constable. You told him that you left the Home Office with regret. Candour compels me to say that this regret is not widely shared. The man who reprieved Ronald True and refused to help the condemned boy Jacoby is better anywhere than in office or in power. You are another illustration of the truth that the round peg in the square hole rarely realises how round it is. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. MARY SCHARLIEB,
London.

MADAM,—You are an enthusiast for Pussyfootism, for drastic and compulsory temperance. And you are yourself conspicuously intemperate—in your language. You say that for ten years there has been no temperance legislation. Do you know that you cannot get a drink in any public-house between 3–5 p.m., to take only one example? Do you know that if you want a glass of beer on your Sunday morning walk, you can't get it? Mary, Mary, quite contrary—why don't you verify your facts? We won't be bluffed, humbugged or cajoled into Pussyfootism here. We attach great importance to liberty. We don't want it compromised by ignorance or wrongly directed zeal. JOHN BULL.

To Signalman CHARLES SANSOM,
Havant.

SIR,—More than the parents are grateful to you for your prompt courage in snatching up a three-year-old boy who had wandered on to the line as the express came thundering along. You risked your life at the call of duty. We take much for granted in this country, and we expect courage and kindness in the British workingman. That does not lessen the pleasure we feel in paying a well-deserved tribute. Let me present you with a new proverb: Handsome is as Sansom does. JOHN BULL.

To R. M. CHART, Esq., J.P.,
Mitcham, Surrey.

DEAR POOH-BAH,—Allow me to put my hat under my arm and join the procession congratulating you on your golden wedding. I notice that although 72 years of age you are still employed in 14 public and private jobs in Mitcham, Wandle Valley, Croydon, Beddington, Wallington, and Wandsworth; in fact, you seem to be nearly everything worth while thereabouts excepting the sun and the moon and the stars. Among other things, you are clerk to the vestry, hospital board, drainage board, small pox board, and even the cemetery board. I have heard people who proclaim their belief in one man one job. One man 14 jobs must be both the record and the limit. JOHN BULL.

To W. HANNINGTON, Esq.,
Organiser of Unemployed Marches.

SIR,—Do you think you are helping the unemployed by leading hungry men on aimless marches to London? Footsore and weary, they are doomed to disappointment, and must face the long journey home empty-handed. Not all of them can be fed and sent home by private generosity like the Edinburgh contingent, who found a sympathetic Scotsman to pay their fares. It is cruel to mislead the long-suffering workless in this manner. These foolish marches serve no useful purpose, so why be so pigheaded about them? JOHN BULL.

THE ADVISER-GENERAL

C..ORUS OF RESCUERS: "Why don't you come and give a hand—instead of standing there shouting."

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

IN these days newspapers make gloomy reading. Nothing, it appears, is quite right, while many things are terribly wrong. The disordered state of Europe throws a wet blanket over our reviving trade, while the United States of America stands impenitently at the receipt of custom demanding the repayment of her debt. Minor tragedies abound. The state of Ireland goes from bad to worse, and what was once a profitable trade with the sister isle is lost to the British exporter. Not to leave a stone unturned in her struggle for commercial supremacy, America raises a new tariff wall, and so slams the door in the faces of our manufacturers.

Britain's Anchor

But it is no use to meet this challenge simply with wailing and weeping. The way out of our troubles lies in the speedy and thorough development of our Imperial resources along new and enterprising lines. The British Empire is a vast tract of productive territory throughout which peace reigns and prosperity waits to be brought to life at the touch of statesmanship.

While lamenting the loss of our trade with Germany—always more of a competitor than a customer—and with Russia, that potential giant who has so often disappointed our fond hopes, we can still seize upon the gifts which the great Dominions are ready to bring us.

Already the presence of large oil deposits in Australia—to take but one instance of our untapped resources—is attracting the notice of investors, and it would be a grand thing for the British taxpayer if the Government would give up speculating at his expense in Mesopotamia and turn their attention to the undeveloped potentialities that lie within our own borders. The lands which own the peaceful sway of the Union Jack are so vast, rich and loyal, that no British citizen need despair because the outside world is out of sorts.

RIGHTLY or wrongly, we are among the admirers of the British Public School system. We like its tone and traditions, the *esprit de corps* that pervades it, its zest for sport, and withal we remember with gratitude the thousands of young Englishmen who in the black years just behind us left it on record that they "batted well in the last great game of all." But we are profoundly disturbed by such an episode as that which occurred at Christ's Hospital last week.

Boys and Bullies

Because he had not behaved as well as he should have done as touch-linesman in a school football match, a fourteen-years-old lad named Vivian Tanner was kicked by two of the older boys, with the result that shortly afterwards, in a fit of anger or humiliation, he stabbed himself to death. It is not easy to make light of such a tragedy, although we appreciate the desire of the bereaved parents to cast no undue reflections upon the school. Frankly, however, we have no great respect for the conclusions of the jury at the inquest. It will take more evidence than we have been able to find to satisfy us that Tanner plunged a jack-knife into his chest merely to create an uproar in the school or to bring trouble upon the heads of those who had taken it upon themselves to punish him. Normal boys do not do this sort of thing, and there is no evidence that the victim of this distressing affair was markedly different from other youngsters of his age and situation.

We have read the observation of Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, the Headmaster of Christ's Hospital, upon the matter, but wish he had had something more definite to say as to whether the kicking of younger boys by older ones among his pupils is sanctioned by authority. If not, it is a cowardly piece of bullying which ought at once to be put down with a strong hand. If, on the contrary, it is a recognised form of discipline in the hands of the monitors, it is time to consider whether more sportsmanlike methods ought not at once to be substituted. Perhaps it would be better if the headmaster kept a little more closely in touch with his boys.

We doubt very much whether there is another Public School in England where such a practice would be allowed to go on with impunity, although perhaps there is bullying here and there, and a good deal of rough-and-ready house discipline as between the older and younger boys which causes no particular harm. But the death of young Vivian Tanner is at once a tragedy and a warning. Parents in general will not tolerate this sort of thing.

THE conviction of a detective in the Metropolitan Police Force upon a charge of having, with an accomplice, concocted false evidence against a prisoner, provides food for thought, although to those of our readers who have followed our recent exposures of police scandal it will occasion little surprise. It is, perhaps, doubtful if the sentence of nine months' imprisonment imposed by the Recorder of London will act as a very effective deterrent. That there is an element of corruption, small but virulent, in the Force that polices the Metropolis, has long been evident to all who are intimately acquainted with its daily life.

Police Corruption

The situation calls for something more than the occasional prosecution of some particularly flagrant offender. As we have all along contended, there is a strong case for a searching inquiry into the whole organisation of the Metropolitan Police Force; and while we are glad to know that one hardened delinquent has been caught in the pitfall he prepared for others, we shall not be satisfied until a competent tribunal has investigated our indictment of the police system as a whole.

It is known that bribery is rampant, so that the most vicious wrongdoers can purchase immunity for their crimes. Incompetence and waste are to be detected where there should be economy and efficiency. The worst evils of what was once known with execration as the White Slave Traffic are allowed to go on under the very noses of the police. While these abuses flourish we shall obtain no more than a moderate satisfaction from the stray conviction of a policeman, however salutary the example in itself may be.

AS someone sapiently remarked the other day, it looks as though in the long run Great Britain will be the only one of the nations of Europe to pay a war indemnity.

Our Swollen Debt

The case of our debt to the United States of America will repay a little patient study.

It may be recalled that at the outset of the struggle with Germany President Wilson and, if we remember rightly, Mr. Warren Harding, the present tenant of the White House, both declared that they would never make a penny of profit out of the great calamity which had fallen upon the human race. Soon afterwards the factories of the United States were humming with activity, and while we had to borrow £856,000,000 from the United States, that country's manufacturers netted huge profits from the vast orders we were compelled to place with them.

Actually the war tax received by the United States Government on these same profits amounted to no less than 30 per cent. of our total indebtedness, while, if the dividends reaped by American traders are added to the total, another 30 per cent. at least of the debt is accounted for. It may be argued with considerable force and no little justice that in strictness these huge increments should be deducted from the amount of our debt, and in any case we venture to say that the United States' demand for interest at the rate of three-and-a-half per cent. on the loan is preposterous.

The three per cent. offered by Mr. Baldwin goes much too far, especially when it is remembered that the United States Government borrowed money during the war from its own citizens on Treasury Bills at the low rate of two per cent. These comparative figures, as we say, will bear thinking about, and we are glad to note that so distinguished a financier as Mr. Reginald McKenna has no undue tenderness for the merely commercial feelings of Uncle Sam.

DIVORCE is hard: marriage is easy. This, in a phrase, is what is wrong with our nuptial laws. By the Law of England a "woman" may marry at twelve, and a "man" at fourteen with the consent of their parents, and there is a foolish father at Eastbourne who actually desires his son to enter into matrimony at the age of sixteen years. Against this sort of parental folly youth should enjoy some protection, and, indeed, we believe that too early marriages are a frequent cause of conjugal infelicity.

Marriage Too Easy

It ought not to be possible for persons of either sex in their teens to take upon their shoulders lifelong responsibilities. It would not be wise to place undue obstacles in the way of the legal union of the sexes, but it might be no bad thing if the formalities which bar the way to the altar or the register office were made a little more formidable than they are at present. Certainly years of discretion should have been reached before a step is taken whose consequences may last while life endures.

MUGWUMPS AND A MINISTER

by CHARLES PILLEY

AT the Queen's Hall, one evening last week, a queer company assembled. It was a collection of men and women who for one reason or another do not want to see our British Sunday any brighter, and who, if they spoke what they are pleased to call their minds, would like it to be a good deal duller. Nothing very astounding in all this, it may be said, for there are plenty of cranks in every community, and any fad will command its followers.

But there was one thing about this meeting which distinguished it from others of its kind and lent to the assembly of kill-joys an air of distinction it certainly did not deserve. The platform was graced by the presence of no less celebrated a person than Sir Thomas Inskip, K.C., His Majesty's Solicitor-General, and a member of Mr. Bonar Law's Government.

This surely was a portent. How Sir Thomas came to find himself in such a galley is his affair, but that he was in fact there is our affair. Try as he may, a Minister of the Crown cannot divest himself at will of his official status, and if the man the nation pays handsomely to look after its law business goes out of his way to this extent to mind the business of the ordinary citizen, who likes to enjoy Sunday along his own lines, it is high time that someone should take notice of the fact.

Consequently, when a motley crowd of fanatics gather at the Queen's Hall or anywhere else and talk airily of withdrawing the hard-won right to Sunday games in the parks, or any other of the scanty facilities for pleasure on Sunday which during the last few years have been won from the hard fist of authority, they are apt to be annoyed.

In fact, some people are apt to be quite rude about it, and one seeker after information more zealous than the rest is found inquiring whether or not the Solicitor-General is a member of the Roehampton Club, and if so, how he reconciles his association with this delightful place of recreation—open every day of the week—with his Sabbatarian conscience.

Such queries, as I say, are very natural, but they do not carry us far. The main thing is to affirm the principle that every man has the right to enjoy Sunday according to the dictates of his own conscience rather than in obedience to the conscience of Sir Thomas Inskip. This is the point of the whole matter; and the sooner it is taken to heart by cranks of the kill-joy persuasion the better.

I have heard of men whose consciences forbade them to eat meat, to cut their hair, or even to wash their faces. But because of this small and tiresome minority I hope I shall never be asked to forego my mid-day meal or my morning bath. One never knows, however; for when such acute minds as Sir Thomas Inskip's get this maggot in them, Heaven only can tell where the thing will stop.

A COLOSSA

by A. G. GARD

"BANKRUPTCY is a disease that cannot b frontiers, and passes over the Channel Rhine, and it is passing over the Atlantic a Mr. A. G. Gardiner in this sound and sane why America must take a hand in Europe's England acted together four years ago," he s would not have come to

IT would be a reckless prophet who ventured to forecast what is going to happen in Europe in the next year, or even in the next month. When an avalanche starts prophecy is an idle business, and that the avalanche in Europe is now well under way is no longer in doubt. The four years of faltering and fencing and sham agreements at sham conferences are over, and the real business of making an end of Germany, and incidentally of Europe, has begun.

We have washed our hands of the business and have resumed an attitude of tranquil and benignant indifference. I do not think it will last long. For one thing the position is too humiliating to last. We cannot continue to remain on the Reparations Commission and the Rhineland Commission, both of which are engaged in carrying out a policy which our Government has repudiated, and our soldiers cannot be left in peaceful occupation of one part of German territory while the French are dragooning another part. Sooner or later Mr. Bonar Law will have to regularise our position by withdrawing both from the Commissions and from Cologne.

THERE is another reason why we cannot be indifferent. We cannot live permanently without the trade of Europe, and if Europe is made a derelict we obviously cannot recover our trade with her. Before the war Germany and Russia were our two best customers on the Continent. Germany alone bought sixty millions worth of goods from us annually. If Germany is successfully strangled that business will not return, and our unemployed will remain unemployed. If the shutters are going up in Europe finally, we shall have to prepare for the shutters being put up here also.

And if we cannot be indifferent to what is happening across the Channel, neither can America. A distinguished American diplomatist is reported to have said that America is "damn well out of the European mess." If he did say that—which I take leave to doubt—he said a foolish thing. He said a thing which would almost make that great American Walter Page turn in his grave.

AMERICA is a very fortunate country. With a population of a hundred millions spread over a territory larger than Europe with its five hundred millions, it contains practically all the necessaries of existence. If any country might be supposed to be able to live to itself and see the rest of the world go to the dogs without concern, it is the United States.

But bankruptcy is a disease that cannot be isolated. It does not respect frontiers, and passes over the Channel as easily as it passes over the Rhine, and it is passing over the Atlantic as easily as over the Channel. Uncle Sam's pockets are stuffed with the gold of Europe, but he is discovering that nations live not by their gold reserves, but by the vitalising breath of trade, and that when that breath is withdrawn the gold is a bauble.

COLONEL GEO. HAR
The American Ambass

He is discovering it in a very unpleasant way and in remote parts of his anatomy. The farming population in the Western States have collapsed into unprecedented bankruptcy. Partly this is due to the great drought which covered the plains with the carcases of dead animals, but chiefly it is due to the failure of the European markets. Over vast areas, every field and barn and beast is pledged to the banks, and unless Europe can be set on its legs again, and the Western farmer can sell his corn at a profit, the banks will find that they have lent their credit on worthless assets.

Thus the miseries of Europe are reflected five thousand miles away in the miseries of lonely farmers on the Western plains.

THAT is why we see the sudden emergence of Senator Borah with his demand that the United States Government should denounce the invasion of the Ruhr. I dare say some people were puzzled by this unexpected passion of the formidable Senator in regard to Europe. We remember him not long ago as the most strenuous advocate of "isolation." It was he and Senator Lodge who broke President Wilson and induced the Senate to refuse to ratify the Peace Treaty. He thought that America was "damn well out of the European mess," and could safely leave us to stew in our own juice without incurring any risk herself.

He knows better now. He knows that the same cause that is paralysing British industry is paralysing the American farmer, and that until that cause is removed his country is as certainly in the "European mess" as we are, or as Brazil or India or any other part of the world which lives by exchanging its commodities with the rest is.

This rediscovery of Europe by America is the most hopeful sign in the dark outlook

THE Editor does not necessarily share all the views exp of sufficient interest and importance to warrant pu journal the recognised platform for the free discussion

SAL CRIME

GARDINER

t cannot be isolated. It does not respect Channel as easily as it passes over the Atlantic as easily as over the Channel." nd sane article gives this as one reason Europe's affairs. "Had America and go," he says, "the catastrophe of to-day e come to pass."

t of things. We may be scornful of the t motive. I don't know why we should be. t There is little in the motives of Europe in these days to entitle us to think ourselves the moral superiors of any people, black or white, red or yellow. We have got about as low down in the scale of devilry as it is possible for human beings to get, and have as much right to think ill of America as a mad dog has to think ill of a selfish fellow who tries to give it a wide berth. If America could afford to see Europe commit suicide we should have small ground to complain because she kept out of her way.

GED. HARVEY, ss Ambassador.

But, fortunately, she cannot afford to see Europe a commit suicide any more than we can. And e nothing is more certain than that at some d stage she will have to try to stop the f shipwreck of Europe by France as not long ago she was compelled to help to save it from shipwreck by Prussia. The statesmen everywhere have failed, but events will take policy out of their incompetent or criminal hands and shape it according to the stern necessities of existence.

IT may be that the madness of the past four years, culminating in the colossal crime which we are witnessing to-day, has made Europe an irrecoverable wreck for our time, but if we cannot save it for ourselves we must try to save it for those who come after us.

It lived after Napoleon had trampled on it for twenty years, and it will live after the Kaiser and Poincaré have done their worst, and it is our business to try to give it a chance of living on happier terms than those which have now brought it to disaster.

The peril of the situation is that the fluid horrors of the present will harden into a savage and irreconcilable hatred between Germany and Russia on the one hand, and France with whatever allies she can command on the other, and that European civilisation will perish in another and more dreadful Thirty Years War. If that peril is to be averted it can only be by the resolute action of the two great English-speaking peoples.

WE and the Americans have this in common, that we have no political interests to serve in Europe. We do not want any of its territory and, leaving Gibraltar out of the question, we have not a foot of land on the Continent to defend. But while we have no political ambitions to serve, we both have very weighty economic interests at stake. We both need a peaceful world in order to prosper. We want Europe to be reconciled because a world in a condition of chronic war is a world in which a great industrial organism like ours cannot live.

This is the common ground on which we must take common action. I don't know what discussions are in progress. That discussions are in progress we cannot doubt. It is inconceivable that with Europe in flames the two powers which possess the only adequate fire-engines on earth should not be considering the means of putting them out.

HAD America and England acted together four years ago to impose a reasonable policy on Europe the catastrophe of to-day would not have come to pass. But it is idle to cry over spilt milk. The catastrophe is here and the rescue work must not be delayed. There can, of course, be no question of intervention by force. For one thing there is no force available, and for another we have had enough of the futility of setting Satan to cast out Beelzebub.

But England and America speaking together and appealing to the world with a disinterested and generous scheme of reconciliation and appeasement would exercise a moral force that would be more powerful than any demonstration of material and might.

The initiative should come from America, for while we are suspect in Europe she is not. Her withdrawal from the councils of Europe was a fatal disaster, and her return to them with a policy backed by English support offers the only means of arresting the tragedy. Had the President summoned a Washington Conference on the European situation last autumn the present desperate phase would not have been reached.

THE situation has now passed beyond the expedient of a conference. That must come later. What is needed is a great declaration of aims which could be endorsed by the British Government, and which would be adhered to as the permanent, considered and unchanging policy of the two countries for the reclamation of European civilisation.

That civilisation is perishing for the lack of a wise, bold and enlightened lead. It is for the English-speaking nations to give that lead.

he views expressed on this page, but considers them warrant publication. It is intended to make this discussion of the leading topics of the day.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE BRUTALITY

by Miss L. LIND-AF-HAGEBY

The authoress of the following article has devoted exceptional talents to the cause of animal protection in every land.

HOW is it that so little has been done to achieve slaughterhouse reform in this country since 1904, when the Admiralty Commission, after careful investigation of the conditions of slaughterhouses, recommended that "all animals without exception, should be stunned or otherwise rendered unconscious before blood is drawn," and that "where circumstances permit private slaughterhouses should be replaced by public abattoirs, and that no killing should be permitted except in the latter under official supervision?"

How is it that London, the greatest city in the world, still eats meat that comes from many hundreds of little private slaughterhouses insufficiently inspected, insanitary, utterly out of date?

How is it that in this city nobody seems to care what happens to the daily, gigantic processions of poor beasts that enter the slaughterhouses to be killed by pole-axe and knife, and under conditions of extreme brutality?

There was a revolting case recently at Bath in which a slaughterman was charged on the evidence of a police constable, with hitting a screaming and perambulating pig five times with a pole-axe in the attempt to slaughter it. Another witness stated he had seen seven blows, and the head showed a number of holes.

The defendant admitted that he had given three blows. The case was dismissed by the Magistrates on the ground that there was no wilful cruelty or carelessness which would constitute wilful cruelty.

If there were a law enforcing humane slaughter of animals for food, such a verdict would have been impossible.

There is no earthly reason why we should tolerate a system under which animals stand awaiting slaughter, seeing others being slaughtered, with their feet in the blood of other beasts, in an atmosphere reeking of blood and entrails, within sight and hearing of all the operations of the slaughterhouse.

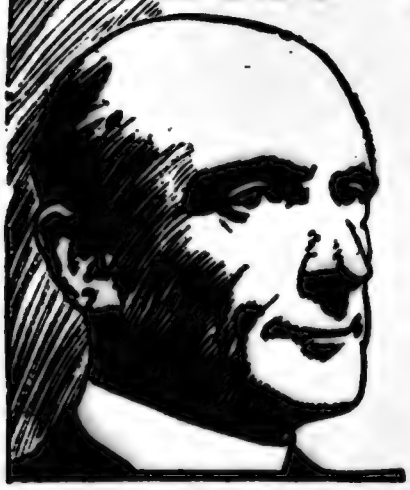
Compared with an up-to-date shooting instrument, the pole-axe is hopelessly inefficient, and killing by the knife without previous stunning is a piece of cruelty which nothing can justify.

Supposing all buyers of meat withdrew their custom from butchers who refuse to arrange that the meat they sell is unobjectionable from the point of view of humane killing.

What would happen? One need not be a prophet or a seer to predict that there would be a speedy change to better methods.

A Bill will shortly be introduced in the House of Commons, with the object of making the use of mechanically operated humane killers obligatory throughout Great Britain, and prohibiting slaughter by any but qualified and licensed slaughtermen. I ask all who have pity for animals to support this preliminary and most necessary step to slaughterhouse reform.

Men Who Marry Sparrows



Hugh. B Chapman

by The Rev. HUGH B. CHAPMAN (Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy)

HUMAN beings, despite their high form of intelligence, still display amazing ignorance of the most important problem of our existence—Marriage. Even the birds are, by instinct, more able to solve this problem. An eagle never mates with a sparrow, in nature, but eagle-men are daily taking to themselves sparrow-wives. How should they act when they realise their position? Is divorce the only remedy? These are questions Mr. Chapman answers in this article.

ALMOST every week we meet men of high position who are suffering because they have married sparrows. By sparrows we mean those small women—and they are legion—who cannot grow with their husbands to become eagles.

I have in mind at the moment a well-known man who began life at the bottom of the ladder—as a sparrow. He developed great talent, climbed to a very high position in his profession, and naturally sought to take his wife up with him. But she, poor woman, was utterly incapable of understanding his aspirations, of assisting him professionally or socially, and he, as many another man has done, decided to leave her.

There followed certain legal proceedings, during which the man stated openly in court that he was an eagle and his wife a sparrow, who, by constantly pecking, so harassed him that life with her was unendurable. The judge sympathised with the man but said, nevertheless, that the eagle must maintain the sparrow as though she had grown with him; and he made an order for substantial alimony.

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There is another celebrity, a man with a colossal brain, whose home life is made almost impossible for him because of the narrow outlook of his wife. Securely entrenched behind her marriage certificate, totally incapable of appreciating her husband's wider vision, she elects to regard him as an eccentric who needs to be daily snubbed and curbed, to be compressed into a small conventional cup. She might as successfully try to fit Mr. Winston Churchill with a school cap made for Smith Minor, or to confine the broad Atlantic in the basin of bonnie Loch Lomond.

But these two cases I have quoted are not the exceptions; I am almost inclined to say they are the rule. Whenever I see a fine, upstanding, cultured, clever, handsome boy—and our schools and colleges are turning them out to-day in scores—my first thought is a fervent hope that he will be wise enough not to be caught by a sparrow.

It may be suggested that these young men who are so clever as well as handsome are quite capable of selecting mates who are also potential eagles. Unfortunately theory is in conflict with practice. It may also be urged that since these feeble women have been sufficiently astute to capture clever young men, they are, therefore, no longer deserving of the appellation "sparrows." Again the facts prove otherwise. A sparrow-wife rarely changes, as can be readily tested by anyone who converses with the mates of some of our men-eagles of to-day.

Moreover, it is not necessarily the clever woman who attracts the clever man. The guileless maiden, the girl who possesses physical charm rather than womanly prescience, is ever the more powerful magnet.

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In their youth most men are blinded by calf-love and egotism. They think that beauty needs brains as mate, and that brains need only beauty. But the time comes when brains weary of only a pretty face and demand other brains as stimulus. Peaches are sweet but sickly, and an intellectual man needs stronger sustenance to assist him up the ladder. Therefore many who are hampered and harassed by feeble-brained sparrow-wives are ultimately driven to seek relief in the Divorce Courts.

Most people have perhaps unconsciously wondered what a man should do when he finds his upward progress impeded by the peckings of a sparrow-wife. The first impulse is to answer promptly that divorce is the remedy. But if the man happens to be a Roman Catholic that cannot be, as the Church of Rome does not countenance divorce. Moreover, if he is a member of the Anglican Church he finds it necessary to remarry in a Register Office. And that is a consideration to some. Broadly speaking, the average man finds himself impelled by a sense of honour and as a good sportsman to stand by his initial mistake.

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I have no sympathy with the man who refuses divorce because he fears for his own name. But I have every sympathy with him if he refuses to desert his pecking wife because he has once promised to live with her for better or for worse until the end. Yet though his life is a daily martyrdom, he is not entirely without consolation. No person ever does an unselfish act without himself being benefited, and the man who becomes great and endures a nagging, unappreciative wife, and perhaps, at the same time, refuses to go to the woman he loves, often becomes a greater man in his profession.

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Whether an eagle should remain with his sparrow-wife or fly away is a matter for his own conscience. He knows best whether he can possibly endure the horror of expressing his inspirations to uncomprehending ears, and the ceaseless irritation of battling against one who in her blind ignorance resists his every forward effort as incautious, unconventional or too original. If he endures, struggles upward, succeeds and still remains faithful to her, he is truly great.

If he becomes successful through taking a more congenial partner, surely it is impossible to judge him too hastily or too harshly. For though genius may be developed by suffering, yet since it is so rare and delicate a flower, it surely deserves to grow freely in ideal conditions.

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But what is a sparrow-wife to do who realises she is married to one who eclipses her intellectually? If she resolves to do everything to help and nothing to hinder she has by that act taken a step after her husband, and has already ceased to be a sparrow. There have been many great men who have married women of restricted outlook—otherwise they could never have married—but who have been helped up the ladder by the unselfish devotion of their mates.

Mrs. Gladstone knew well how to serve the husband she loved and adored, as did the wives of many great statesmen of the past. It is told of one that when she was driving with her husband to the Houses of Parliament her finger was caught and pinched in the door of their cab. Knowing that the sight of his wife in pain would distress and perhaps prevent him from speaking at his best, she said nothing, but endured the agony until the cab stopped and the door was opened. Her husband knew nothing of the incident until some time afterwards. She was an eagle mated to an eagle.

There are other women big enough to see how unfitted they are to remain life partners with their husbands, and these readily agree to live apart though not at enmity. These wives still retain their affection for their eagle-husbands and meet as good friends, which is truly great. Women like this have also developed and are certainly not to be classed as sparrows.

But there are others—and they are the majority—who prefer to enjoy both the fruits of their husbands' successes and the pleasure of pecking, hoping to make them ultimately conform to their own narrow outlook.

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Obviously the duty of the sparrow is to act as though she realised the intellectual gulf between her husband and herself, to soothe and encourage genius, not to frustrate it; to be not merely content but to count herself greatly blessed at having married an eagle.

Sometimes, more often than is acknowledged, it happens that an eagle-woman finds herself married to a sparrow-man. She begins to climb and finds her husband doing his little ignorant best to hold her back. To him her successes are not so much hers as his, for the true sparrow-husband regards all of his wife's accomplishments, however phenomenal, as far inferior to his one superlative achievement, to that solitary flash of inspiration—his lucky offer of marriage.

As in the case of eagle-men to whose domestic discipline the world owes their output, so some of the present women have given to posterity imperishable treasures through the experience of a similar purgatory of which they have been too proud to complain.

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Other women who, though more ordinary, have been both clever and capable, and have likewise carried on, upholding their homes, maintaining their children and their sparrow-husbands, without murmuring, until the end, which they have faced like heroines. Unfortunately there is no medal for such women, though they richly merit the highest decoration of all.

But there are other eagle-women, who, ceiing they cannot endure the peckings of their sparrows and at the fsame time achieve full success, choose the line of least resistance, and leave their mates to soar above them. Later their names also figure in the Divorce Court. But who dares cast a stone?

Young men and young women, think before you leap.

FOOTBALL COUPON SWINDLES

Impudent Touts who Don't Pay..

The increasing tendency of football followers to bet on football matches has resulted in a crop of swindlers springing up throughout the country. We expose these fleecers and their methods here.

AS all the world knows, there is a vast amount of betting on football matches. This may be right or wrong, and at any rate we are not disposed to mount the pulpit and preach at the punters. All we are concerned about is that the men—and women, too, if we are rightly informed—who enjoy their flutter along these lines should have a square deal. At the moment they are not getting it or anything like it. On the contrary, the whole business is honeycombed with fraud. We shall give chapter and verse for this assertion, and if these revelations do not cause a sensation in sporting circles we shall be greatly surprised.

Two weeks ago we warned our sporting readers against the firm of Hamilton and Young, lately occupying an office at 40, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. These rampaging touts had the impudence to inscribe themselves on neatly embossed notepaper as "Stock and Share Brokers, Accountants and General Financiers."

In point of fact they were nothing of the kind, but merely a couple of predatory thieves whose business was to prey upon football punters and rake in a harvest of illicit gains by exploiting the wagering proclivities of the football public.

Among those whom they persuaded to act as agents for their football coupon business was a partially disabled ex-Service man employed in a large Government Depot at a wage of two guineas weekly. For a week or two all went well, until, over an outstanding sum of £7 5s., Messrs. Hamilton and Young turned defaulters. This just sporting debt they flatly declined to pay.

The result was simply disaster for the honest agent, who, having a perfectly clean record, never dreamed that in acting for Hamilton and Young he was touching pitch of the blackest kind. With difficulty the poor fellow managed to borrow three pounds to satisfy part of the claim, but before many days were over the matter was brought to the notice of his superiors and he was threatened with dismissal unless a full settlement was made. At this point we sent a representative to 40, Shaftesbury Avenue to interview Messrs. Hamilton and Young, only to find that the vultures had flown.

We could multiply instances of this shameful kind. Firms on our black list in this connection are Messrs. Douglas and McCarthy, of 1, Robert Street, Barton Hill, Bristol; Charles Austin, of 177, Fleet Street, London, E.C.; J. and C. Briton, of 36, Burne Street, London, N.W.; Montague, Price and Co., of 145, Oxford Street, W., and many others whose names we shall in due course publish.

The methods of these rascals show little variation. Always it is "heads we win, tails you lose." If the luck is against the punter he generally pays up like an honest man, while if the wheel of fortune turns he is shamefully bilked. Usually the agents are robbed as well, being mostly guileless working men who do not recognise sharks when they see them.

For example, a Frome reader took up an agency with Messrs. Douglas and McCarthy, the Bristol "football accountants," forwarding a large number of losing commissions, until January 6th last, when one of his clients successfully forecasted five winning results at odds of seven to one, the stake being five shillings. Repeated requests for settlement, including one sent by registered post, have remained unanswered.

One of the worst cases brought to our notice is that of an individual named John H. Creike, who has for some time carried on an extensive business in the North of England under the title "Premier," with offices at 1, Hamilton Street, Higher Broughton, Manchester.

In July last, a Mr. H. S. Williams, of Hull, answered an advertisement in a sporting paper, and was selected from among a number of applicants and appointed by Craike supervisor for the Hull district at a salary of £4 a week, his duties being to appoint agents and collect and pay all accounts as they became due.

Until a fortnight ago, Craike received a good deal of money weekly as a result of the business done in Hull. Then, however, he had a losing week, and on the Saturday evening, in accordance with instructions, Williams paid out winning coupons as far as he possibly could, utilising the whole of his personal savings amounting to over £80, for the purpose.

When he rang up the Manchester office on the following Tuesday, to his consternation and dismay, Craike declared that he had no intention of paying, and all Williams' has since been able to obtain is an offer of £30 in full settlement, though he is over £80 out of pocket.

In consequence of this shameful default, the poor fellow, after working hard for months on Craike's behalf, is now left penniless, with all his savings gone, and has had to sign on at the local Labour Exchange to receive the dole.

It is high time this den of thieves was swept out and disinfected. It is a job for the police, who know the names and addresses of the principal culprits and ought not to need any incitement to their duty. We are doing our part in publishing, at all risks, the names of the principal defaulters, and we shall not relax our efforts until this foul stain upon British sport is finally expunged.

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100% Pure New Wool, Indigo Dyed, London Serge, BLUE SERGE SUIT (18 oz. weight) to measure for £3-10-0

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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

"Sweets" William in the Dock.

by HARRISON OWEN

"THAT he did by means of false oral representations conspire to deceive the British public concerning a matter of grave public moment, to wit, the efficiency of the police force," was the charge against Sir William Horwood, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

Accused pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., for the public, explained that the offence was committed at a dinner given by an organisation not inappropriately called the Eccentric Club. At this function, the Commissioner, after solemnly referring to "Certain forces at work for the dismemberment of the Empire," stated that "Whatever happens in the next six months, the people can feel assured that they have a good, loyal police force," and "could sleep quietly in their beds."

"I do not profess to know," said counsel, "what these mysterious forces are which are busily dismembering the Empire, but, if they exist, the fact that they are allowed to continue their nefarious employment constitutes a grave reflection upon the organisation of which the accused is the head.

"Apparently some police panjandrums were sleeping—whether quietly or not, I cannot say—when Scotland Yard was burgled; and, if not actually asleep, they certainly close their eyes when facts concerning Queenie Gerald and other notorious evildoers are brought to their notice.

"The very banquet at which accused made these misleading statements," concluded Mr. Watchdog, "was given to celebrate his recovery—at which, I am sure, we are all gratified—from the effects of eating poisoned chocolates sent him by some potential murderer who is still at large. This is scarcely calculated to cause members of the jury to 'sleep quietly in their beds,' seeing that any time they may receive a similar gift."

Mr. Strawsplitter, for the defence, said that possibly the accused had allowed his sweet tooth to bite a hole in his horse sense, but altogether too much had been made of the chocolate incident. The letters "C.I.D.!" did not stand for "Chocolate Investigation Dept.," and a police officer, no less than a flapper, was entitled to gratify a *penchant* for sweets.

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty" with a recommendation to mercy on the ground that the prisoner was somewhat agitated at the time of the offence, having become suspicious that the lobster mayonnaise had contained arsenic.

"Prisoner at the bar," said Mr. Justice Bull, "it is not my intention to lecture you, for, what with eating anonymous chocolates and eccentric dinners, you have by now probably realised that a policeman's life is not a happy one. Nevertheless, I would suggest to you that you insist upon your minions doing their duty in the several directions indicated by counsel for the public before you next indulge in misleading post-prandial oratory concerning their wonderful efficiency. Having regard to the recommendation of the jury, I will deal leniently with you by directing that you be deprived of sweetmeats for a period of three calendar months!"

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"Blake REPRESSED an exclamation that was ECHOED by Tinker."

"EVENING NEWS":—"I wonder how many thousand PAIRS OF EARS listened WITH BATED BREATH for 'They call me Mimi.'"

"SCHOOL FRIEND":—"Vere, who was STANDING by Dot's side, ROSE QUIETLY TO HER FEET."

"CHAMPION":—"(He) laid him spreadeagled ON HIS BACK . . . Another moment, and Dale was KNEELING ON THE BACK of the fugitive, holding the stiletto point of his bayonet at the BASE OF THE MAN'S SKULL."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—"Tweed TROUSERS . . . All sizes from 32 TO 42 INCH CHEST."

"BARNSLEY AND DISTRICT SUPPLEMENT":—"To DRAW at Leicester WAS a very creditable VICTORY."

"WORLD'S FAIR" (advertisement):—"For Sale . . . Unused THREE 5-ton chassis . . . We have now only TWO left."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS":—"An unusual discovery during a post-mortem examination WILL PROBABLY BE EXPLAINED at an inquest TO BE HELD by the Manchester County Coroner YESTERDAY."

A BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER

A Soldier Son and Pauper's Grave.

HERE is a moving appeal which we received this week from a broken-hearted mother.

She is a widow living in Fulham, and although she is sixty-five years of age she still has to go out and work for her living.

She had one son, who served for nearly seventeen years in the Army. On the 18th inst. he met with an accident, falling as he was alighting from a tramcar and injuring himself so severely that he died two days later.

She wrote to us in deep distress, for her poverty is such that she had not the means of burying him. It would be very hard, she thought, if one of England's soldiers should have to travel on his last journey as a pauper.

She knew not where to go for assistance, until she recollected that her dead son had often read to her from JOHN BULL of the way in which "The Greatest of These——" Fund had helped people in sore trouble, and tremblingly she appealed to us to save her loved one from that last dishonour.

Such an appeal was not to be denied, and we lightened the broken-hearted mother's burden of sorrow by a grant from the Fund.

* * *

Of sheer necessity, and not from choice, we have this week to remind our readers of the New Year Resolution which we asked them to make with regard to "The Greatest of These——" Fund.

The amount received in subscriptions so far this year has fallen below our expectations, but we cannot help feeling that if our readers realised the terrible extent of the suffering we are called upon to alleviate, they would quickly make up the deficiency.

Our letter bag of appeals is a long litany of grief and despair, and daily at the office heartrending tales of pitiful struggles for existence are poured into our ears.

Since January 1st we have disbursed nearly £200 in grants, besides gifts of clothing.

With the means at our disposal, we are able to afford assistance only in the most desperately urgent cases, and have unwillingly to turn a deaf ear to many urgent appeals.

We most earnestly beg all our readers to give us generous support in our efforts to hold out a helping hand to those who are in dire distress.

WRITE TO "HUMANIST"

Whatever **trouble you are in; however hopeless your situation may seem, you'll not regret it.**

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Suffolk," 3s.; "Widow," 2s. 6d.; A. P., 1s.; "Hard Up," 9½d.; A. R. S., 1s. 6d.; "Twickenham," 6d.; "In Memory of Jack," 2s. 6d.; "Warwick," 1s. 1d.; Mrs. E. C., 3s. 10d.; "Lisa," 2s.; "Cromer," 2s. 6d.; "The Third," 2s. 6d.; E. T. A., 2s.; P. H. B., 1s. 2d.; "Semper Fidelis," 6d.; T. D. (Frome), 10s.; "Kia Ora," 1s. 4½d.; S. H., 1s.; "Emmie," 9d.; T. M., 1s.; Anon. (France), £1 10s.; "Low Waters," 1s.; M. C., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. E. C., 6d.; M. J., 2½d.; E. A., 1s.; "Grig," 2 rupees; Anon., 3d.; R. A. P., 2s. 6d.; "Winkikiss," 2s. 6d.; "13th Division," 1s.; "Alice and Jim," 4½d.; "Widow's Pension," 3s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; "Hopeless," 6d.; "Gyp," 1s.; "Faith," 2s.; "Hope," 11d.; "One Who's Down," 3d.; J. H. B., 1s. 4d.; "1940," 3s. 6d.; H. M. N., 2s. 6d.; C. W., 1s. 8d.; "Grig," 2 rupees; W. O., 1s.; R. A. F., 5s. 2d.; R. O., 2s.; "Racasoli (Malta), 3s. 7d.; W. S. (Ilford), £1 1s. 6d.; "Waiting," 1s.; L. M. (Hereford), 8d.; I. Y., 1s. 6d.; H. F., 2s.; "Jutland Hero & Red Cross Nurse," 5s.; "Canterbury," 9d.; F. S. (Winnipeg), 2 dollars; "Hilton," 3s. 6d.; "Silent Sympathiser," 2s. 6d.; G. V. C., 5½d.; "Chatham," 3d.; "Ex-Sailor's Wife," 1s.; G. M., 1s. 6d.; "Sevens and Nines," 5s. 7d.; "Nelson," 2s.; W. S., 1s. 8d.; "Fireman," 1s.; "Arder," 3d.; "Sympathiser," 2s.; "Swanley," 3s. 2d.; R. C., 2s. 6d.; L. S., 1s.; "Peter," 2s. 2d.; W. T. S., 4½d.; "Jim," 6d.; "Stumps," 5s.; "Shallowford," 1s.; M. & E. T., 2s. 2½d.; Somerset Lass, 1s. 3d.; Anon., parcel; W. T., 1s. 2d.; "Splott," 1s 9d.; L. W., 1s. 6d.; D. S., 6d.; S. M., 2s.; M. C. C., 4½d.; W. W. C., 1s.; "Caersu Reader," 1s.; Anon., 2s.; "Worried Mother," 2½d.; "Irish M.B.," 1s. 6d.; "Old Age Pensioner," 1s. 1½d.; T. K. R. H., 3s. 0½d.; Mrs. L., 2s.; "Hornsey," 4½d.; C. T. P., 2s. 6d.; "Ye Bulle Puppe," 1s. 1½d.; Anon. (Ashton-u-Lyne), 2s.; "Southampton," 2s.; "Cumbae," 4s.; "Shotton," 1s. 6d.; "Disabled Soldier," 1s.; J. J., 5s.; H. L. B., 3s. 6d.; E. de H., 1s. 2d.; "Hopeful," 5d.; "Hard Lines," 1s. 7d.; "1923," 2s.; "Lowestoft," 2s. 6d.; F. H. C., 1s. 6d.; C. A., 7d.; E. A., 1s.; "Plymouth," 1s. 7½d.; H. J. H., 2s.; "Aberdeenshire," 2s.; "Ram," 2s.; W., £1; H. W. B., 2d.; S. J. H., 2½d.; "Holsworthy," 10d.; F. H. W., 1s.; "Wellwisher" (Leeds), 1s. 6d.; "Also," 1s.; "Janet," 2s. 1½d.; "Belgrave," 9d.; "Jack," 3½d.; "Faith," 1s. 3½d.; W. G. (Gloucester), 12s. 6d.; F. C., 1s. 6d.; "South Molton," 1s. 6d.; L. S. B., 5s.; "Student on the Rhine," 10s.; J. R. P., 2s. 6d.; "Hillsman," 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Dundee), 2s.; "Cubberman," 7d.; "Sherburn," 7s. 9d.; T. H. C., 2s. 2d.; "In Loving Memory of My Very Dear Son," 2s.; "Jumbo," 1s.; D. J. P., 1s. 4½d.; Anon., 1s. 1½d.; "Hopeful Mother," 1d.; "Stockport," 1s.; T. H. J., 2s. 6d.; "Ex-Service Girl," 2s.; Anon. (Welshpool), 5s. 9½d.; Anon., 8½d.; R. D., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; "Ninth of Winning," 1s. 6d.; E. A. (Malta), 1s. 9d.; "Unlucky in Love," 1s. 6d.; "Sorrow," 6d.; "Gloucester," 3s., Anon., 9d.; "Sympathiser," 2s.; W. T., 2s.; J. E., 4½d.; M. P., 1s.; "Born Unlucky," 1s. 6d.; "Nancie," 2s.; M. M. W., 2s.; "Salopian," 1s. 2d.; "Joey," 1s.; Mrs. F. F., 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "Well-wisher," 1s. 1d.; E. P., 2s. 3d.; L. D. D., 1s 1d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 7½d.; E. H., 2s.; S. N., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; E. E. C., 1s 6d.; Anon., 2s. 1½d.; "Widow," 8½d.; Mrs. C., 1s. 9d.; M. A., 2s. 6d.; "Two Mac Ninthers," 2s 2d.; A. M. B. L., 2s.; "Billy," 1s.; W. A. McG., 10½d.; H. C. B., 1 dollar; S., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. D., 2s. 6d.; "Birmingham," 10s.; "Nab," 6d.; A. L. E., 12s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 2d.; "Stockport," 1s. 9d.; J. O. E., 2s.; E. E. S., 1s. 6d.; W. G. S., 1s.; C. G. L. T., 4s. 6d.; Anon. (Stoke-on-Trent), 5s.; Anon., 2d.; "Greenock," 6d.; "Ninety-nine," 5s.; "Eureka," 2s. 6d.; "Mostyn," 1s. 7d.; W. J. R., 1s. 2d.; J. W. H., 2s. 1½d.; "Working Man's Wife," 6d.; "Sutton," 1s 3d.; V. L., 6d.; "Boxter," 10d.; "Jessie, Bill and Tiger," 2s.; "Down and Almost Out," 1s 7d.; "Edith," 9d.; "Delphine," 2s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified.

"THE following is the solid truth, and is written to you simply because I know of no means whatever by which I may keep going any longer.

Many Talents but no job

"I want work, and would be most thankful to anyone who will help me to obtain it. Tried all I know. Can get nothing. Nearly fifty, English, educated, unmarried. Lived most of my life in Canada. Work there waiting for me. Unable to get to it. Joined up over age June, 1916; demobbed February, 1919. Clean Army character. Injured shortly before war in motor race.

"Took my pilot's flying certificate at Hendon in 1915, at my own expense. Applied R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. Had no pull and was debarred by age. Was flying instructor till June, 1916, when I got into M.T. Only lot I could join. Was staff driver and motor-cyclist. Never drew Army out-of-work pay when demobbed. No pension. Never accepted dole. Don't believe I am eligible any way.

"Have spent my last money advertising and got one job for some months. Wealthy employer. Got house and grounds nicely into shape and was cast off.

"Willing to do anything or to go anywhere. Enjoy a bit of risk. Had complete charge of what was then one of the most up-to-date roller milling plants in the world when 18 years of age. Handy aboard ship. All round shot. Many prizes. Motor-driving over 20 years. Exceptional sight. Hard, wiry, fit with exception of somewhat damaged foot. Not lame.

"Owing to kindness of only friend—a very poor man—am still alive. Can't stand charity. Only one thing to make me glad. In another man's words:

"I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul."

"Humanist" says: *There is a very healthy tone about your letter, and I hope the publicity I give to your case will enable you to get fixed in the right kind of job.*

"I AM over forty, and I present an unusual case. For the poverty and misfortune which lies behind so many of your writers' letters I have not known for years. And I am not unhappily married. My wife is a woman wholly self-centred, wholly unloving. So long as she has a nice little home, a car and a thousand a year to spend on dress and holidays she is satisfied.

The Childless Man

"I see very little of her, and, if the truth be told, I am glad. For since the first day of our marriage she has resolutely refused to have children. I adore children and am childless. If I could have one little kiddie of my own, I should be a happy man.

"Fortunately or unfortunately, I am the possessor of a conscience, and shrink from inflicting unhappiness on any other woman. I see girls of whom I could grow very fond marrying in poverty, marrying men who I know will treat them as domestic slaves, and I know in my heart that they would be happier with me, and be free from the worries and bitterness of bondage, and would at the same time give me my heart's desire.

"But I have never put my wishes into words. I could not without explaining just how I feel, and I fear to offend. I cannot go to a girl and say 'I want a child. I will give you £200 a year for its upbringing and give you a house to live in and make your life smooth and comfortable."

"Humanist" says: *If you can only buy your happiness at the risk of hurting an innocent woman, it is better that your desire be denied. There is none of us who has not some wish unsatisfied. I quite agree that there are thousands of women legally married whose lives are horrible, but probably the greater proportion of these would prefer their present existence to one of greater comfort without marriage.*

"CAN you tell me, 'Humanist,' what to do in my predicament? I am a young fellow living in a North Country village, and engaged in one of the big houses there.

Accused by a Woman

I have led a clean life, and was on the point of being engaged to a sweet girl with whom I am deeply and truly in love.

"Suddenly an unexpected blow falls on me; one of my fellow-servants has charged me with being the father of her new-born babe. I have never had anything to do with the girl. She threatens me with legal proceedings and circulates in the village what she affirms to be a fact, viz.:—That I got her into trouble and have now turned on her and refuse to help her! I am avoided by my so-called friends and the finger of scorn is pointed at me. Life is made almost unbearable. Apparently the only one who believes in me is the girl to whom I was to have been engaged; and some one else is after her!

"It seems that I am liable to be thus tortured by that fellow-servant and to have this sword hanging over my head until the child is a year old. What *am* I to do!

"Humanist" says: *The only and obvious thing for you to do is to consider if you could take proceedings for slander. A verdict in your favour will establish your innocence and stop idle gossip.*

"I AM indeed unfortunate, 'Humanist,' but never did I think I would be in such a predicament as I am in now. Years ago, when a child, I got cayenne pepper in my eyes and they have never been right since.

Blind, Crippled, and Alone

"I was cured to a certain extent and trained as an architect and surveyor until I became an expert.

"After coming out of the Army I was employed in Italy by the War Graves Commission, and while there contracted rheumatic fever, with the result that I am now a cripple and my eyes are so affected that I cannot read. As this is necessary in my work I cannot get a job.

"Here I am now, down and out, turned from the workhouse infirmary because my case did not require me to lie in bed, and yet unable to get anywhere to go. Seven weeks in a house of charity kept me from starvation and the streets, but I am adrift at last. Alone, half blind, crippled, and penniless. Not even the workhouse will have me. What is left?"

"Humanist" says: *I cannot understand the action of the Guardians in turning you out. You must go to an eye institution and they will probably do something for you. I have recommended your case to the "Greatest of These Fund." But, Readers, what have you got to say?*

TEN SHILLINGS is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

EARN £3 A WEEK AT HOME

THIS is what Mrs. BALDY, of Beeding, does with her Golden Fleece Home Knitting-Machine. She says: "I am turning my spare time into money. I knit Socks, Stockings, Vests, Jumpers, and Woollens—overflowing with private orders—which bring me in from £2 to £3 weekly."

FREE TUITION

All purchasers of the Golden Fleece Home Knitting-Machine are entitled to Free Tuition and Instruction in our well-appointed Tuition Parlours; or, if this is not convenient, our Illustrated Instruction Book explains clearly and thoroughly the use of the machine.
All inquiries received by post are answered by return.

There is a good market for all hosiery made on the machine, or, if desired, WE PURCHASE YOUR ENTIRE OUTPUT OF SOCKS at an agreed price for a period of Three Years.

Full particulars of this Offer and opinions from workers will be found in our Book.

FREE BOOK

SENT ON REQUEST to all forwarding 2d. in stamps to cover postage. Send for it To-day—be making money next week.

THE SOUTH BRITISH MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.
Dept. G2, 61, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C. 1.
One Minute from Holborn Town Hall, five minutes from Farringdon Street and Chancery Lane Stations.

If YOU want to earn extra money in your spare time, post this coupon TO-DAY

To the Shaw Institute (J.B. 14),
1, Montague Street, London, W.C.1.
Please send me your Free Booklet "By Post to Prosperity" explaining how I can earn £5 to £10 a week or more in spare time. I assume no obligation in making this enquiry.
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Address .....

. . Sports and Sportsmen by ROWLEY MILE . .

SWEEPS AND THE LINCOLN.

SWEEPS and all matters pertaining to sweeps are of fascinating interest. All nations gamble, and the British method of gambling is the most wholesome of all. That our racing sweeps are as clean as they are is a tribute to the character of the participants, but there are always rogues to be encountered and care should be taken to avoid them.

Can Soldennis Stay?

I don't want anybody to start backing doubles yet awhile. It is extremely difficult to discover what horses are in strong work for the Lincoln. Soldennis is spoken of as being got ready, and this is the type of horse that might make a bid, for the Lincoln mile is an easy one. Fit and well on the day of the race, however, I would back The Night Patrol to beat him—supposing the Patrol stays in the race, which is not certain.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Emphatic.—Judging by the way he was backed, considerable stable confidence was reposed in this Irish importation at Derby. He might have won, too, but for being made so much use of, and he is certain to pick up a selling hurdle race.

Ocean Star.—A very useful chaser over three miles or thereabouts, this mare is now just about at her best, and she should not be missed for any engagement she may fulfil in the near future.

Armada.—Possibly unlucky to be beaten by Temeside the last time she appeared in public, this mare is worth keeping an eye upon for future engagements, particularly in long-distance hurdle races.

Superman.—This horse's form can more safely be judged by his earlier running than on his more recent display in the race won by his stable companion, Pirnwinder. He will win more steeplechases.

Knee Cap.—One of the most promising of Gore's younger jumpers, this filly should be made a note of. She is sure to win a race in moderate company.

Finished.—This mare was backed like a "good thing" at Derby, and won in corresponding fashion. She will score again, notwithstanding her defeat at Leicester.

Regald.—This horse, who will be remembered as a smart two-year old, did not do badly on his first appearance over hurdles, and if kept to second-class company will win races.

Purple Iris.—A source of considerable disappointment to several trainers, this horse is now under the charge of Faulkner, who by no means despairs of getting a race out of him.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Lady Sleipner, I hear, is seriously intended for the Lincolnshire.

* * *

The layers are offering 10 to 1 Arravale for the National. What a price!

* * *

So-called United Services Steeplechases should be restricted to riders who are serving officers. The present wide eligibility reduces them to a farce.

* * *

National Hunt racing is money for nothing if owners can get the right material. Mr. Kenshaw, of Blazing Corn fame, can confirm this.

* * *

Some day punters will notice that even George Duller cannot win on bad horses.

* * *

There are several flaws in the proposed standard S. P. Rules, and they are not to the advantage of punters.

* * *

Why wait for the Spring Double when you can win £1,000 in *Bullets* this week?

* * *

No three-year-old at Newmarket has wintered better than Papyrus.

* * *

Percy Woodland, who does not saddle many winners nowadays, trains a smart filly in Spun. She looks like being wanted for an early engagement.

NEXT WEEK.

Rowley Mile returns to real work with his examination of the Spring Handicaps.

SELECTIONS.

The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative.

SANDOWN PARK (WEDNESDAY).

1.30 Prolific (Krooner, Simon's Craft).
2.0 Silken Prince (Expeditious, My Rath).
2.30 Royal Highness (Fairway, Flaming Sword).
3.0 Arravale (Silken Prince, Beggar's End).
3.30 Sanget (Crubenmore, Twickenham).
4.0 What Luck (Glowanna, Lone Hand).

SANDOWN PARK (THURSDAY).

1.30 Perico (Sea Voyage, Sybarite).
2.0 Rockfight II. (Serban, Turbine Secundus).
2.30 Dutch Toy (Yahna, Dinah Morris).
3.0 Hard Hail (Gerald D., Forewarned).
3.30 King David (Wee Laddie, Attaboy).
4.0 What Luck (The Blacks, Ravenspool).

MANCHESTER (FRIDAY).

1.0 Morning Star (Amnesty, Smashaway).
1.30 Ambridge (Regicide, Snake Ash).
2.0 Artemis (Dewi-Sant).
2.30 Farimy (Mr. Porte, Ulster Division).
3.0 Double Up (Manrico, Phantom Charley).
3.30 King David (Buckaie, Rung Ho).

MANCHESTER (SATURDAY).

1.0 Jimena (Pay Only, Navana).
1.30 Emphatic (Artemesia, Imperious).
2.0 Glenree (Conjuror II., Francis Brown).
2.30 Kirkharle (Pabulum, Acrocephalus).
3.0 Manrico (Lukewarm, Phantom Willie).
3.30 Greenspert (King David, Prince Herod).

THE BALL GAME.

ENGLAND have beaten Wales at Rugby—a bit luckily too—but they need not yet be handed the international championship. Scotland seem to have got a warmish team, and it is their turn this season to stage the match with England. Scotland, further, are due at Cardiff next week, and as Wales should win that game, there is the possibility of all three countries winning three times and losing once. This, in my opinion, is how it may work out, since France has dropped back a bit and Ireland has other troubles.

Not as of Old.

I don't know how many old internationals saw the Welsh backs at Twickenham, but those that did must have sighed for the halves and centres of a decade ago. Then the present lot would not even have been considered. With the development of Welsh forwards back play in Wales has been neglected, and not until a full return to the old open game is made will there be other Morgans and Gwyn Nichollses.

Men of Corinth.

The Corinthians are out of the Cup, but they have already done soccer a power of good. Their drawn games with Brighton mean that no longer can professionals be accused of arranging a level result, while, what is more, the amateurs have shown how unnecessary and how futile rough play is. Their example in their first game at Brighton stimulated their opponents towards a higher standard of conduct than in the first replay; there were only two fouls—both accidental—and only one case of offside. May there now be a general elimination of the old Cup-tie tactics!

A Scandal.

One gets an insight into the trials and troubles of managers and directors in the case of McBain and Manchester United. Here is a club spending cash almost regardlessly in an attempt at promotion, but forced to part with an expensive purchase, and one of the best men in his position anywhere, because of the hostility shown to him both on the field and in the dressing-room. The team spirit seems to be sadly lacking at Old Trafford, and I should advise the directorate to sort out the malcontents and get rid of them.

Is This True?

I have been seriously informed by a friend who knows most of the secrets of professionalism that the reason one team is not doing so well this season as last is because the directors suddenly stopped surreptitious bonuses. If these were actually paid and were traced there would be serious trouble for the club concerned. I am unwilling to accept it, but it is highly singular that seven or eight really good players should simultaneously drop not a little of their best form.

Training Farce.

The Corinthians have put the death-knell on special training for the Cup-ties, the futility of which had begun to penetrate into the brains of modern managers. Mr. Howie, of Newcastle, has emphatically stated that any extra training or change of air is a farce, and my own experience is that teams who are sent to some seaside or inland resort are bored with the sight of each other before the important day arrives. The only way to keep the average pro. in a contented frame of mind is to see he is fit, and let him amuse himself.

Football Dartmoor.

It is time the Everton officials attempted to develop the raw material, instead of continuing a policy which has not done the club any good in recent years. No doubt Troup is worth the cheque just given for him, but with such men as Jack Sharp behind the club, a discovery ought to be made now and again. Not that I have any sympathy towards Everton. I went there last year to see a match, and was armed with an official ticket, but it was more difficult to gain admission than it must be to get out of Dartmoor.

John Bull's Footballers

No. 20.—J. HILL (Plymouth A.).

WITH everything else equal, the big centre-half is preferable to the small one, but it is not Hill's 6 ft. 2½ in. of height and nearly 13 st. of avoirdupois that has made him one of the best half-dozen of modern pivots.

Hill, with all his size, is a natural footballer, and remarkably agile and quick to turn for a giant. Further, he radiates cheerfulness and gives one the impression that football is more of a game to him than a profession.

I have only seen Hill three or four times, but I am sure he is not far removed from international class. He traps the ball nicely, always has an eye to the most fitting distribution of it, and is particularly clever with his head. Like all good players, he nods it to any angle he wants to, in much the same manner as did a more famous centre-half, Charlie Roberts.

As a breaker-up of attacks, however, Hill has no superior. He is quick to anticipate the development of any movement and when he tackles he does so at the right moment and puts his weight behind it. I once saw a London crowd highly perturbed because Hill was bundling over their pet forwards, but it was the good old shoulder stuff, and Hill rightly escaped the many demands for a free kick.

Hill is a native of Durham, and the Argyle got him from Durham City. He was an immediate success, and as he has had only a few years of football, there is plenty of time for national honours. A crop of Titian hair, his physique and his cheerful temperament make this giant one of the most attractive personalities of the game.

P. S.

Next week: F. Moss (Aston Villa).

FORECASTS FOR FEBRUARY 3.

(Nap selections in Black Type.)

Home Winners.

Cup:—Middlesbrough, Bury, Bristol C., Plymouth A., Spurs, Wednesday, Leicester, Bolton W.

Leagues:—Aberdare, Luton, Newport, Portsmouth, Swansea, Swindon, Bradford, Chesterfield, Crewe, Grimsby, Halifax, Walsall, Aberdeen, Falkirk, Hibernians, Motherwell, Rangers.

Away Winners.

Cup:—Blackburn, Huddersfield, Liverpool, Preston.

Leagues:—Rochdale, Nelson, Airdrieonians, Celtic.

Draws.

Cup:—W. Bromwich v. Sunderland, Wigan v. Q. P. Rangers, Chelsea v. Southampton, Brighton v. W. Ham.

Leagues:—Notts F. v. Arsenal, Villa v. Manchester C., Oldham v. Birmingham, S. Shields v. Blackpool, Tranmere R. v. Lincoln, Albion R. v. Merton, Partick T. v. Dundee, Raith R. v. Hearts.

Suggested Coups.

3 Draws:—W. Bromwich v. Sunderland, Chelsea v. Southampton, Brighton v. W. Ham.

4 Away:—Huddersfield, Liverpool, Nelson, Airdrieonians.

3 Home:—Bristol C., Plymouth A., Bolton, Chesterfield, Aberdeen, Falkirk, Hibernians, Rangers.

3 Home, 2 Away:—Luton, Halifax, Rangers, Liverpool, Preston.

1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw:—Spurs, Liverpool, Brighton v. W. Ham.

How to Pick Winners

Tips for the Stay-at-Home Punters.

Ex-handicapper gives punters some final useful hints and maxims to remember when making bets.

AND now I come to my concluding article, and I feel that I cannot do better than state in "note" form a few facts which may help the stay-at-home punter.

First and foremost, never chase losses!

The safest policy is to cut them. You are either out of luck or on the wrong scent altogether. You can judge for yourself which it is by the results, and, in many cases, the market. If it is a question of bad luck, "go slow" until you have retrieved your losses, and never on any account have a plunge with your own money. It is much more interesting to go in off the deep end with the "bookie's" shekels.

This advice is difficult to follow for system workers, because as a rule prices are short, and any system which necessitates entirely following short-priced horses can lead nowhere.

At the best it will be found to be a case of money out of one pocket into the other, with the attendant expense, time and trouble. There must be a good sprinkling of outsiders to make the business profitable. For instance, if attention were confined to, say, 10 to 1 chances, a very occasional winner, with a discreet variation of the stakes, would be sufficient to wipe out a shoal of losers, and actually show a profit. Any mathematician can work this out.

Nursery handicaps are usually won between the 7 st. 7 lb. and 8 st. mark.

A horse which gets placed in the St. Leger in an average year is a possible winner of the Cesarewitch if handicapped at round about 7 st. 7 lb.

Always remember that in big handicaps only about 25 per cent. of the entries see the post, so the bookmakers have 75 per cent. of "dead-meat" to dangle in front of the unfortunate public.

There is nothing so attractive in the principal events as one of the top-weights at a longish price, when one of the leading jockeys riding outside of his stable engagement has been secured.

Two-year-olds seldom win All-Aged Plates during the spring and summer. They have a better chance in these events towards the end of the season.

On the whole, racing is more honest in the south than it is in the north. Shrewd speculators rarely invest their money on any horse trained north of the Trent, except in the case of the big races.

The three-year-old which wins the North Derby at Newcastle is seldom of much account.

Weight is of little consequence to some horses. Clorane could have "carried a 'bus" and Irish Elegance refuted all the critics when he won the Royal Hunt Cup with 9 st. 11 lb. in the saddle!

The "next time out" principle is probably sound enough in the case of horses belonging to "gentlemen" owners, but not so in the case of "commercial" owners, of whom we have more than our share at the present time. In the case of the latter the exposed form has got to be wiped out by two or three misses.

In the case of a horse suspected of being "kept," it is well to notice the jockey. If the same one has been on his back in the various "also rans" there may be grounds for the suspicion. If several jockeys have been tried, there are probably none. All jockeys are not "dumb." One is sufficient to entrust with a secret, and what is possibly dangerous business.

When a leading apprentice has only a few more winners to ride before he loses his 5 lb. allowance, it is a sound principle to follow his mounts outside of his own stable. Form need not be considered—his services are pretty certain to be in great demand.

The Turf is a stupendous study—too much for one head—but if you have the time, make a list of unreliable and really bad horses, such as "gate-haters," "jades," "incorrigible rogues," etc. etc. The list will prove to be extremely useful and often profitable, by reason of the fact that you can concentrate on a few honest horses.

In the big handicaps an intelligent commission agent assorts them as follows:—(1) Probables (say 10 per cent.); (2) Possibles (say 20 per cent.); (3) Impossibles (say 70 per cent.). In the latter division he could offer you the Bank of England to a cigarette, but he doesn't, because he knows you would "scent" something wrong. He offers you round about 33 to 40 to 1, and what you think is the big price attracts you.

In reading the description of races—this is very indifferently done in England compared with Australia—a note should be made of a horse which ran prominently, but was not persevered with when challenged by the winner, and discreetly finished in the ruck. Except he was a gay deceiver he is worth bearing in mind. If he was, put him under your list of "bad horses," which is quite as useful as a list of "to follow."

Once you can make up a list of really bad or unreliable horses, no bookmaker will throw his arms around you. You'll know as much as he does, and you'll no longer be a desirable client.

In the "classical" weight-for-age races, horses not good enough to win often make a surprisingly good show for a great part of the distance. Ali Bey, though not nearly as forward in condition as his stable companion Clarissimus, ran nearly as well as the winner for 7 furlongs in the Two Thousand Guineas of 1916. Later in the season Ali Bey won at 20 to 1 and 8 to 1, and the public entirely overlooked this performance. Re-Echo is a more recent illustration of this fact.

In conclusion, let me reduce my advice to the shortest possible formula

(1) Back seldom.

(2) Avoid the big handicaps, and as far as possible confine your wagering to weight-for-age races.

Act upon these maxims and your chances of success will be as good as it is possible to make them in this great game of racing.

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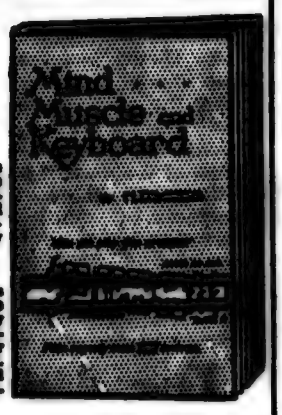

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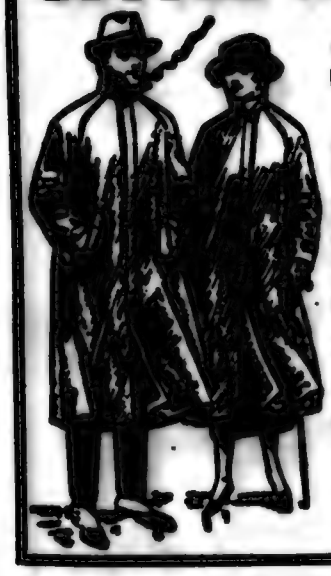

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CORNS, ACHES, TENDERNESS, CHILBLAINS, AND OTHER FOOT MISERY EASY TO GET RID OF NOW

At last! Take corns out, not merely off, without plasters, dangerous cutting, or caustic liquids, says C. S. TURNER, formerly of the R.A.M.C.

Perhaps you have invited blood poison by hacking the top of that corn with a razor, or burnt it off with caustic paste, liquids or plasters, soaked it in hot water, picked dubiously at it with your finger-nails and sprinkled it with various powders to stop the aching. After doing all this and waiting patiently for results, you either find that most of the corn has stayed right on duty through it all, or else a brand new top has sprouted up to replace the old one and the ache is still doing business at the old stand, worse than ever, and plus considerable extra soreness of raw skin around the corn. This is because you have only worried and irritated the top of the corn without at all affecting the little pointed part or core which is the real business end that causes all the pain by pressing on sensitive nerves. It would be as logical to cut the top off an aching tooth to stop the pain. It is only after all these time-wasting experiments with a corn, unpleasant as they are, that you are really ready to appreciate the marvellous way in which saltrated water acts and how totally different it is from anything else. It soon dissolves out the oil from dead, hardened, calloused, "corny" skin, leaving it soft and "mushy" as fresh putty, so that corns can easily be picked right out, root and all, whereas callouses turn white, curl up at the edges and come entirely off at one scrape with the dull edge of a knife. Sound healthy skin is not affected in any way by the water excepting that it is wonderfully refreshing to sore, tired, tender, aching feet. To prepare the medicated water, which is also oxygenated, invest a few pence in a supply of the Reudel Bath Saltrates compound which is obtainable from any chemist, this being the registered name by which physicians and chiropodists prescribe it. Use about a tablespoonful to a gallon of rather hot water and rest the feet in this, but first bid all your foot misery a final farewell for such tortures will soon be only unpleasant memories of the past.

Don't Let That Cold Turn Into "Flu"

Rub on Musterole

That cold may turn into "flu" or, even worse, pneumonia, unless you take care of it at once.

Rub Musterole over the congested parts and see how quickly it brings relief. Colds are merely congestion. Musterole, made from pure oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other simple ingredients, is a counter-irritant which stimulates circulation and helps break up the cold.

Highly concentrated, Musterole goes a long way; a dab spreads over chest and throat. You get the healing effects of Musterole without padding and its enervating consequences. Musterole is safe and clean—will not burn or blister.

Use for rheumatism, lumbago, croup, asthma, neuralgia and aches and pains in back or joints. Keep a jar handy for instant use.

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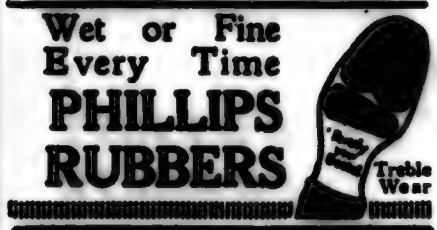

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Insulting Women in Court.

Surely something ought to be done to protect women in the witness boxes of our police-courts from the insolent and disgraceful questions thundered at them by some of the "learned" men who seem lost to all sense of decency. I attended a case in which a girl sued for an affiliation order for her illegitimate child. The solicitor for the defence suggested in point-blank terms that she was a prostitute, though it was quite without justification. There should be a remedy for this.—Mrs. M. J. Stotter, 25, Station Street, Pentwynmawr, Newbridge, Mon.

Boys and Unemployment.

The unemployment scheme for boys is an absolute failure. No one comes under this scheme until they attain the age of sixteen. From the age of sixteen they have to work twenty weeks in order to get twenty unemployment stamps before they can claim benefits. In my own case, I was idle twenty weeks during the Coal Strike, without receiving a penny. The result of being seven stamps short of the required twenty. Surely they could have given me half benefits? Fortunately, I was not the mainstay of a family. In some cases, where a family depended on two or more boys, they were deprived of the dole—being only three stamps short.—S. H., Merthyr.

The Price of the Weed.

The last increase in tobacco, we were told, was necessary owing to the rate of exchange (with U.S.A.). Now that the £1 is normal again (or practically so), mum's the word! Wages have fallen, and the cost of living has, too! (on paper), and that increase should be dropped at once, and done with it. There is no justification for the present high prices of the working man's weed, as the big profits prove.—H. E. Lane, 50, Alexandra Road, Norwich.

The 'Prentice's Reward.

Employers ought at once to come to an understanding that an apprentice, once his time had been completed, be retained in the firm's employment for at least a year! At the present time, newly-made journeymen are being thrown on the industrial "scrap-heap" in their thousands all over the country, more so perhaps as many of these lads were granted two or three years of their time less to work, owing to the period they lost at the war. Most employers find the apprentice a profit-making commodity while he is in the category of an apprentice, but when the bigger wages are to be paid, they have invariably no use for him, and many young journeymen bemoan the fact that their apprenticeship has expired.—T. Richards, 291, St. Leonard's Hill, Edinburgh.

The Cheerful Optimist.

I haven't a "grouse" for you—in fact, I might be classed as a cheerful optimist—I am more or less contented, and, figuratively, like Oliver Goldsmith's parson—passing rich on Forty Pounds a year!! After all, what on earth is gained by grumbling? "Nowt," as we say in the North. Hard work is an excellent antidote for discontent, and although I came up for duty on 4th August, 1914 (Territorial) and was at it until June, 1919—having risen to the dizzy height (?) of Bombardier R.F.A.—I do not regret having given up six years of money-making in such a cause. It's just a wee bit disappointing to have to struggle so hard to save the wherewithal to "take unto myself a mate," but as I say, I find life worth living, and as long as I can find twopence for JOHN BULL on Wednesdays—why worry?—Gunner, Gateshead.

Advts. on Treasury Notes.

I believe it is an offence against the law of the land for a person to deface or mutilate any coin of the realm; then why should tradesmen or others be allowed to stamp free advertisements on the pound and ten-shilling notes in circulation? Surely there are enough recognised channels for advertising. Perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer might take the hint to bring grist to his mill.—H. Wright, Broadsole, East Ashling, Chichester.

Care for the Widows.

How long is England to lag behind the Colonies in the matter of pensions for widowed mothers and their children? When a fighter was killed in the late war waged for the safety of the realm, the state assumed responsibility and took on the burden of the upkeep of the widow and fatherless children. Is it not as needful to look after the dependents of those who in any way lose their lives while fighting for the industrial stability of the country?—M. S. G., Darlington.

Wages of Charity.

Are there any worse payers of labour than Charity Organisations? Of course, philanthropy does not begin at home—that's the excuse for poor wages. But would any Trade Unionist stand the hours of 9 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. for typists with gross salaries of 30s. weekly? Economy by such institutions is commendable, but it would be more fruitful if the leading lights in the concerns cut down their four-figure emoluments.—R. T., Rotherhithe New Road, S.E.

Your Brain-Storm!

WHEN you get one you'll know it. Let others know it too—it may help them as well as you.

Tell US and we'll tell others.

Life-Saving Privileges.

I noticed a case, a short while ago, in which a doctor was summoned for exceeding the speed limit when the critical condition of a patient demanded the utmost speed on his part in order to save life. The Court let him off "with costs," which, however, I think, was even then unjust. Fire-engines, etc., are permitted extra speed, as, more than often, life or life protection depends on them. The police exceed, not often in life-saving, however. Could not doctors be given this privilege, to be used on necessary occasions? A contrivance could be fitted to the doctor's car whereby other traffic, police, and pedestrians could give way when he was answering the "SOS" call.—Charles C. Phillips, 50, Burley Street, Bolton Woods, Bradford.

A Rotten Law.

Isn't it about time the rotten law that sends a person to prison for being without "visible means of support" was washed out? There are hundreds of poor beggars in England to-day in that unhappy state, through no fault of their own, and many of them entitled to be kept by the State, if only for "services rendered." Why gaol for being utterly down and out? Is it a criminal offence? If a man sleeps under a hedge, is it because he might sneak the whole bally highway that he is run in?—George A. Courte, 68, All Saints' Road, Leicester.

The Need for Birth-Control.

Plain speaking on the subject of birth-control is of vital necessity just now. Information should be available from an authoritative source for every married person. Thousands of people, ignorant of such matters, bring huge families into the world, to be, through no fault of the parents, criminally underfed and ill-clad. Herded together in slums and tenements during childhood, they later "cut each other's throats" for bread or are flung into the maw of war—perhaps leaving a large family of their own behind, neglected and uncared for.—A. Gray, Dunston-on-Tyne.

Back to the Boards.

It was announced, the other day, that Sarah Bernhardt, who was reported to be in a dying condition, had said that as soon as she was convalescent she would act for the films. Now no one doubts the Divine Sarah's one-time ability to sway the audience, but this increasing habit of age-worn veterans of the stage to "come back" is neither good for themselves physically, their reputations as artistes, or the younger generation who await their chance. Sarah has had her day—and a good one, too! Why doesn't she let others have theirs?—D. Elder, Hammersmith Road, West Kensington.

A Plea to Parliament.

So filled with horror and disgust am I at your repeated exposures of that foul hag Queenie Gerald—horrified at the thought that such things can be in London, and disgusted that the police take "graft" and no action to squash this foul spider—that I am sending your latest article "The Wicked Woman at Her Worst" to my Borough's M.P., Lord Ednam, asking him to take action. To support me, can you please see your way to stir up JOHN BULL readers to take similar steps by urging their respective representatives in the House of Commons to cause a full inquiry into the matter?—H. E., Enfield Road, Hornsey Vale, N.8.

Crank Measures We Don't Want.

The most urgent need of the present day is a complete overhauling of the laws of the land. Crank measures are on the Statute Books by the hundred, and if only a small percentage of these were enforced life would be entirely unbearable and the people would riot. Every minute of every day respectable law-abiding people are breaking laws of which they have no knowledge and exposing themselves to heavy penalties and even to long terms of imprisonment. Instead of being repealed, old and senseless laws are quietly forgotten until some busybody comes along and compels Magistrates and Judges to convict under them.—O. T. M., Oldham.

"She's made a Year's Progress in a Fortnight!"

IN thousands of homes throughout the land, the incident depicted above is being enacted. Children and adults who take up the famous NAUNTON Postal System of Piano Playing, surprise and delight their friends by the skilful way they are able, *after mastering the first lesson*, to play the piano. Extraordinary though it may appear to those unacquainted with the System, no previous knowledge of the piano or of musical notation is necessary.

LETTERS FROM DELIGHTED PUPILS:

L. Prentice, Halifax, writes:—"*I am writing to thank you so much for the beautiful lessons I have received during the last year. I would not be without my music for three times what I have paid for it.*"

Mrs. Lyons, Chelsea, writes:—"*My daughter has got on so nicely with your System that my sister is anxious to try it for her two little boys, so will you kindly send her full particulars. I am more than satisfied with the System myself.*"

Mrs. A. C. Bates, Hastings, writes:—"*I have become quite a good player since starting under your System, and wish it every success. My daughter, aged 13, is an excellent little player. I think your system very easy to learn, and one that ought to be well patronised.*"

Selected from hundreds received.

It makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only 8, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple System. There are no sharps, flats or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once—Hymns, Dance-music, Songs, Classics, anything.

OVER 50,000 PEOPLE ARE PLAYING BY IT and can play perfectly.

If they can do it, so can you.

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed by the old methods owing to the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of the drudgery, let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid and perfect System, which is a real educator. That word "educator" means "to lead in" or "to draw out." It does not mean "to cram in." Our System draws out the musical power of our students from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive eight tunes which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our System and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you, and give you many years of purest pleasure.

Special Trial Offer for "John Bull" Readers

NAUNTON NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM

CUT HERE

SPECIAL "JOHN BULL" **COUPON**

I send herewith postal order for One Shilling and Sixpence, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," containing eight tunes published at 2/6; also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM,
To the Manager,
27, High Street, London, W.C.2.

Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

For the Garden and the Fireside

ALLOTMENT GARDENING

By WILLIAM GOOD, F.R.H.S.

Lecturer in Horticulture in the West of Scotland Agricultural College, Glasgow; formerly Staff Instructor in Horticulture and Botany to the Hertfordshire County Council.

THIS work has been issued to meet the demand for a Gardening book of convenient size and at a price within the reach of all. "ALLOTMENT GARDENING" is complete in one compact, concise and yet comprehensive volume which gives the maximum of NECESSARY information in the minimum of space. It is PRACTICAL from beginning to end. From its pages the amateur gardener or the allotment holder will learn

HOW to get the best value from his investment of money, time and effort.

HOW to provide against the various enemies which threaten his seeds and crops.

HOW to overcome the difficulties with which he is so often faced.

HOW to go forward to more advanced kinds of gardening with complete confidence.

So confident are we in the practical value of this book that we are prepared to send it carriage paid to readers of JOHN BULL for examination. Obligation to purchase is not incurred by asking for the book to be sent on approval. No cash need be sent until you have decided to purchase.

THE WORK IS WELL SUPPLIED WITH CLEAR & USEFUL ILLUSTRATIONS

A COMPLETE DICKENS

THE writings of Dickens have justly been termed "immortal," for with the passing of the years the volume of readers attracted to his works continues to increase rather than diminish. No person with literary tastes would consider his or her collection of books complete without a set of Dickens, and our present offer is made so that all lovers of good literature, and even the most modest of homes, may be able to share in the pleasant companionship of these delightful creations of Dickens' genius.

There are many editions of his novels, but for the first time

A Complete Edition of HIS ENTIRE WRITINGS

on Subscription terms is now available.

All lovers of Dickens will welcome this complete edition of his works, newly and attractively illustrated, and in a tasteful, uniform binding.

For anyone commencing to form a library the question arises "What shall I start with?" No better decision could be come to than to make the "STANDARD DICKENS" their first contribution. The terms of payment arranged under the present scheme will enable this to be done without the slightest strain on their finances.

Parents cannot do a greater service to their families than to give them ready access to, and let them be on familiar terms with, these delightful characters who entertain as no previous or later characters ever entertained and yet without grossness or departure from what is clean and pure.

In addition to being COMPLETE, "THE STANDARD EDITION OF DICKENS' WORKS" has other attractive features.

It includes the Critical Study of Dickens by George Gissing, which cannot be otherwise obtained.

It contains a Dictionary of Characters, Places, etc.

It contains an account of the Essential Dickens Land (Kent).

Each volume has an Introductory Note containing valuable information.

Each volume contains a coloured frontispiece, and many other illustrations by the most distinguished artists.

If desired, the complete set can be seen before purchase. A convenient method of payment can be arranged.

YOU CAN EXAMINE THESE BOOKS AT HOME FREE OF EXPENSE and without Obligation to purchase.

To the Graham Publishing Co., Ltd.,
62, Chandos Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Please send me carriage paid one copy of "ALLOTMENT GARDENING" in one volume on approval. It is understood that I may return the volume on the eighth day after receipt, carriage forward, or remit 5/- and agree to forward four further payments of 4/- each at monthly intervals, making up the full price of the volume at 21/-. On the other hand I may remit 20/-, the net cash price of the work. (Cross out terms that do not apply.)

Name .....

Address .....

J.B. 3/2/23. .....

To the Graham Publishing Co., Ltd.,
62, Chandos Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Please send me, carriage paid, the "STANDARD EDITION OF THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS" in twenty volumes cloth, on approval. It is understood that I may either return the volumes on the eighth day after receipt, carriage not paid, or purchase the work by remitting 15/- and agreeing to remit ten further monthly payments of 12/- each. Or, on the other hand, remitting £6 5s. the net cash price of the set. (Cross out the terms that do not apply.)

Name .....

Address .....

J.B. 3/2/23. .....

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

H. R. W. (Skegness).—"I am very fond of a little gambol." Baa!

GEORGIA (Canborne).—"America has a great soul." But few spirits.

T. M. (Cork).—"You ought to be here!" What have we done?

CUTEY (Wimbledon).—"I'm a bit of a detective." What happened to the other bits?

WELFARE (Crewe).—"I feel inclined to agree with you." This is a grand day for Long Acre!

ABSTAINER (Grays).—"The constant use of whisky rots the inside." And spots the outside.

FLIVVER (Burnley).—"Do you know anything about Ford cars?" Yes, lots of funny stories.

SUPERIOR (Bournemouth).—"I can't understand what people see in revues." Get somebody to tell you.

A. A. P. (Govan).—"There is an appalling spirit of commercialism abroad." And at home too.

COUNTRY GIRL (Wakefield).—"What do waitresses in London earn?" Far more, as a rule, than they get.

CANNY (Hamilton).—"Why doesn't Lloyd George come back?" We wired him your wail and he is returning.

JEW (Leeds).—"Is it an offence to take drugs?" No—if you stick to seidlitz powders and glauber salts.

A READER (Eastbourne).—"Do you think a boy ought to get married at 16?" No; it is cruelty to children.

LOOKING AHEAD (Bow).—"When my Spring Double comes off, I shall be a rich man." Welcome, brother optimist!

DESIGNER (Mortlake).—"There is room for improvement in feminine dress." Lots of room.

MRS. D. (Banbury).—"You must get a lot of letters like mine." We do; and they all meet with the same fate.

A. H. G. (Macclesfield).—"There is too much chicory in the present-day coffee." You have less grounds for complaint.

H. G. T. (Burton-on-Trent).—"I am a firm believer in pledges." Do you mean the pledges you sign, or the pledges you pledge?

CONSTANT READER (Hounslow).—"I have read JOHN BULL ever since the New Year." In your selection of a *nom de plume* you are doubtless anticipating.

UNHAPPY (Northwood). — "What would you do with a woman who refuses to sew your buttons on?" If you are not too self-conscious, you might take her out to dinner when matters reach a really critical stage.

REFORMER (Wakefield).—"What is good in school French?" "Bon," as usual.

DENVER JOE (Brixton).—"Everywhere I see villainy triumphant." Stop going to the pictures.

LESS WORK (Hull).—"What sort of a voice is a barrotone?" If you mean "barrow-tone"—a squeak.

M. O. L. (Kingston).—"Riches aren't everything." No, only about 95 per cent. of everything.

WHITE (Buxton).—"What is the outward and visible sign of mediocrity?" Swank.

UNIQUE (Colne).—"I should like to hear your view about Bonar Law." Listen in at 9.15 to-night.

M. (Boscombe).—"How can I get out of being sued for slander?" By keeping your mouth shut.

Mc T. L. (London).—"I frequently get fits of wild extravagance." Where did you get that "Mc" from?

J. W. R. (Clapham).—"The L.C.C. trams on this route are simply shocking." Every cloud has a silver lining: the new County Hall looks fine.

GEORDIE (Heaton).—"I am always getting into hot water." Judging by the smudgy condition of your letter, your language is purely figurative.

A. G. C. (Oldham).—"Would you call it 'grievous bodily harm' to knock a man down and walk on him?" No; just "taking steps."

SAMARITAN (Halifax).—"I should like to see a little more sentiment in business." Yes; and a little less business in sentiment.

BEWILDERED (Appleby).—"One doesn't know what to believe in these days." You're safe if you pin your faith to JOHN BULL.

DUBIOUS (Colne).—"Is there anything in fortune-telling?" There's a lot of money in it, but it's illegal to practice it for gain.

B. M. A. (Chalk Farm).—"There ought to be a tax on cats." And a super-tax on those that wake up just as you're going to bed.

HUMBUG (S. W.).—"I hate these canting lay preachers who are trying to spout their way into parliament." Which is the particular him of your hate?

W. B. T. (Lee).—"Such canine freaks as Pomeranians and Pekinese ought to be prohibited by Act of Parliament." In our menage they are prohibited by papa.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

M. (Lanark).—"What is the best guide to matrimony?" Almost any girl.

X. L. (Liverpool).—"Is it true you send grouse to your readers?" No, sir; they send grouses to us.

F. (Taunton).—"There's a great deal of sympathy wasted on Winston." He probably wastes most of it himself.

TED (Staines).—"Who really did win the war?" The French are sure they did; America thinks it did; we did.

F. F. P. (Torquay).—"We've had roses growing all the winter." You write such a bad hand that the printer set it noses glowing!

QUARREL (Bath).—"A good wife never asks her husband where he has been." A good husband doesn't need asking.

DIANA (Bletchley).—"I think it is a shame to teach parrots bad language." So do we; we can't stop ours saying "Stinnes."

TWO SCOTS LASSIES (Cupar).—"You say a lot of unkind things about Scotsmen." Not really unkind; and anyway, never about lassies.

G. T. (Putney).—"My trouble is, I don't get paid till Saturday." Our trouble is that by then we've had nearly all ours.

OVER THERE (Wandsworth).—"I am one of those who fought and died for England." And still alive to tell the tale—good luck!

VAE VICTIS (Hendon).—"We ought to be fighting side by side with the French." At the time of going to press, they are not fighting.

DIVINER (Matlock).—"I have the gift of detecting hidden gold." We hope you also do something for a living.

ANTIQUARY (Bognor).—"What a pity the old street cries are dying out!" Come and live near us, and change your mind.

OMNIA MUTANTUR (Bedminster).—"Knightly sentiment seems to be growing extinct." Not a bit of it! Wait till the spring.

R. F. F. (Edmonton).—"The seasons seem to pass so very quickly." Yes, don't they? And it's a bit risky to travel with an old one.

W. B. J. (Sheffield).—"There is a wonderful fund of knowledge in JOHN BULL." True: there is also another sort of fund—the "Greatest of These—"

CON. (Dublin).—"Can astronomy drive you mad?" Undoubtedly. There are some things which certain minds should never think upon.

HER MOTHER (Lowestoft).—"There are times when I regret my marriage." We have registered you in our Better Single Book. Your number is 7,842,185.

JESS (Scarborough).—"I haven't forgotten what the Prussians did in 1794." What a memory!

HUSSAR (Cologne).—"There's going to be trouble here." "Going to be" did you say?

FAME (Harwich).—"A great number of people are unaware that I write verse." They will never know through us.

CHAUFFEUR (Brighton).—"Thirty miles isn't so bad on a gallon." We know lots of people who'd get through more than that in the distance.

TOT (Redditch).—"Is there any way in which I can grow taller?" We fear not. Advice on growing anything else will be gladly given.

J. T. D. (London, N.W.).—"Are kippers and bloaters the same fish?" Sorry, but we prefer to avoid smelly topics.

W. N. (Shrewsbury).—"JOHN BULL will be my paper until hell freezes." And ours till our wings sprout.

G. F. (Littlehampton).—"Is cigarette smoking more injurious than a pipe?" Not specially, unless you swallow the ends.

H. F. T. (Banbury).—"I shall expect to see this in print in your next number." Also, we predict, you will bear your disappointment like a man.

F. D. (Lewes).—"Who invented the first Limerick?" We cannot say. But have you heard the one about the Girton B.A.?

FILL DYKE (Norwich).—"I can supply you with nursery rhymes hundreds of years old." There are few that aren't. "Jack and Jill" is 800 years old.

G. H. (Attercliffe).—"I only said a few words to the boes, but he gave me the bullet." Hard luck! Try sending a few to us, and you may get the "Bullet" £1,000 this week.

A. L. Y. (Penzance).—"Do boxers and athletic men generally live to a good old age?" Between ourselves some of 'em live to be wicked old blighters, but mum's the word.

A. P. (Dover).—"My sins of omission and commission are many." From your handwriting we can well believe it, but nice people don't brag about such things.

G. R. (Bedford).—"Does the week begin on Sunday or on Monday?" To be precise, it begins at midnight on Saturday, when if you respect the Sabbath, you will go straight to bed.

W. K. (Chester).—"What does 'unco guid' mean, and is it Scotch?" To be "unco guid" is a Scottish phrase, meaning too good to live, like our new office boy.

L. T. (Edinburgh).—"Is it possible to read character from handwriting?" Certain traits may be detected—sobriety, for instance.

R. E. (Maida Vale).—"There are more people who enjoy ragtime than those who delight in the classics." So we noticed at our dinner the other evening, and wept till our meat was all soppy.

ANXIOUS (Darlington).—"Has smallpox quite died out?" Quite, but you might catch something else. Of course, you know that JOHN BULL's new Insurance Gift now contains sickness benefits?

HARD LINES (Crewe).—"I have tried very hard to win a 'Bullet' prize. It has evaded me." If at first you don't succeed . . .

(Continued on page 26.)

JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon-Value 2/6
Send Coupon with P.O. for 2/-, and 2/- stamps for postage and get a J.P. Gold Nib in 4 Points with Pen, Pencil and Holder. Additional coupons up to six from J.B. may be sent in part payment, each counting as 2/- off price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 7/-, and 14/- stamps, 21/- in all. DESCRIBE NO: 14. Nib extra. Address: Pen Dept. "John Bull" Long Acre, W.C.2. P.O.'s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. State if Fine, Medium or Broad nib wanted. 2.2.23

Why pay 10/6?
8, Pool S., Wale.
11th Nov. 1922.
"After giving the JOHN BULL Pen a good and fair trial I am glad to state that it is as good as, if not better than, the one for which I gave 10/6.
J. H. Haydock.
Cut out the Coupon now.

The Live Wire

OFTEN referred to as "The Young Spark" —he's so full of life. "What's he been up to now?", "What will he do next?" we query. But we like him, or rather "love him," that way—full of health and vigour.

HE WILL FIND PLENTY OF SCOPE FOR HIS ENERGIES IN HIS WORLD OF TO-MORROW.

In our world of to-day the least we can do is to give him a healthy lead.

Encourage him in healthy pursuits throughout the day—from the use of Lifebuoy Soap in the bathroom first thing in the morning, until he returns that way last thing at night, so that he lays a clean tho' tired body down to rest.

Lifebuoy Soap leaves every pore of the skin antiseptically clean and protected.

Wash face and hands with it—bathe with it—shampoo with it.

The name LEVER *on Soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

LIFEBUOY SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Some Facts about "John Bull's" Insurance Gift

HAVE you taken advantage of the JOHN BULL Free Insurance Gift?

If you have not become a REGISTERED reader of JOHN BULL, if you are wondering whether Newspaper Insurance is worth bothering with, if you are half convinced and are wondering which paper offers you the best protection—then read this. For it is specifically addressed to YOU.

You are not immune from accident and illness. Unfortunately such things are the common lot of everyone, and it is the merest commonsense to seek some protection against them.

Practically every newspaper offers you some such protection.

But JOHN BULL offers you the best protection of them all.

Other newspapers have reduced, or as they call it "revised" their benefits, eliminated certain benefits entirely, or in some way or another restricted the application of their Insurance schemes.

JOHN BULL *is the only paper that has maintained and extended its Insurance Gifts to its registered readers.*

JOHN BULL offers you protection, not against fantastic accidents and illnesses, but against the *common* liabilities of the Home.

JOHN BULL offers you an Insurance Gift that surrounds the Home—*your* home—with a protection barrier against the material damage, accidents and illnesses that are likely to happen to *you*.

If you are reading this you have bought JOHN BULL—and you have bought and are reading the best value for twopence that any publishing house issues. And if you have bought JOHN BULL to-day you are probably in the habit of buying it every week.

Now think for a moment. By just filling in the forms on page 2 you have ensured the regular receipt of this paper and have automatically become eligible to take the fullest advantage of our Insurance Gift to all our *registered* readers.

Less than a couple of minutes writing and you have protected your home and yourself without the expenditure of a single extra penny. Dare you miss this chance?

You cannot get the same protection from any other paper. The protection, such as it is, that any other paper can offer you would cost you, in any case, sixpence a week (the cost of the paper), while the most comprehensive Insurance Gift of them all is offered you in JOHN BULL for twopence a week. To obtain a similar degree of protection from an insurance company would cost you at least £1 1s. per year.

Solid value for the money seems about the right phrase to use in this connection. The best paper for twopence you can buy, and a comprehensive Insurance Gift added at no extra cost!

Now that you have read this article spend a few minutes thinking it over. Then spend another two minutes in filling in the forms on page 2. Once your registration form has reached this office you can go about your business with an easy mind.

You have done *your* part. If you have the misfortune thereafter to need the assistance we offer you we shall do *our* part.

And we shall do it promptly without quibbling.

Carry on!

A HUGE SUCCESS!

No. 1 OF A SUPER SEVENPENNY MAGAZINE

NEVER before has a new magazine been accorded such a tremendous welcome. The Public is clamouring for more and still more copies of "ROMANCE," the most wonderful magazine ever offered for 7d. No. 1 contains 128 pages—12 wonderful stories—5 absorbing articles—and the opening chapters of "The Venus Girl," the most captivating serial ever written.

But, to make sure of your copy, *you must get "ROMANCE" to-day.*

Real Silk Stockings FREE!

No. 1 of "ROMANCE" contains full particulars of the most amazing offer ever made to magazine readers. Real Silk Stockings FREE for introducing "ROMANCE" to your friends.

Romance

Proprietors: ODHAMS PRESS LTD.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(*Continued from page 24.*)

DOT (Grimsby).—"My ideal husband is a strong, silent man full of grit." Try your dustman.

MR. B.—"Is a short letter of acknowledgment written by Lord Beaconsfield's secretary worth anything?" Nothing at all.

MR. B. (London, S.E.).—"I have never won a prize in my life." We suffered from the same defect until we tried tiddley-winks.

G. T. M. (St. Leonards).—"Marriage is the only lottery sanctioned by the law of England." Precisely, the idea being to keep up the birth rate.

G. H. (Leeds).—"When do you think the next General Election will take place?" At the latest four years and nine months hence.

J. T. (Luton).—"The world soon forgets its heroes and the gratitude they deserve." Never mind, sonny, as long as it keeps fine till Easter.

S. A. (Maryland Point).—"Do peanuts grow on bushes, on trees or in the ground." In the ground, but surely this is a question for the "kernel."

SALOP AND OTHERS.—"Has the great sporting Ballot taken place?" Yes, the result was advertised in the newspapers the first week in October.

T. R. (Llandudno).—"After reading this letter I hope you won't think I'm a lunatic." Certainly not; we judge you to be possessed of a 90 h.p. brain.

P. A. S. (Carlisle).—"Is it possible to earn money by writing for the papers?" All we can say is that most of our staff have the appearance of millionaires.

W. R. T. (Huddersfield).—"It is truly said that the love of money is the root of all evil." Yes, but not money itself, as people frequently misquote the text.

R. E. W. (Leicester).—"I beg to differ with your views in regard to France." No need to apologise; the more we read other opinions the more we fancy our own.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

THE SHOP WINDOW

WE have in the past had some criticism regarding home knitting machines and many of our readers have written asking for the address of one which is reliable. We would refer them to the South British Manufacturing Company's advertisement appearing in this issue, whose claims we have very closely investigated.

Two remarkable bargains in men's made-to-measure clothing are offered by S. A. Barry & Co., and amongst other excellent trade offers are the following:—

CASEMENT CURTAINING—35-in., hemstitched, 10½d. per yard.

HOSKINS & SEWELL—Beds, £3 to £5 5s.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.—Raincoats, 20s., made to measure.

GRESHAM PUBLISHING CO. offer two interesting books, "Allotment Gardening," and a complete set of Dickens, both on the instalment plan.

COMPETITIONS.—The proprietors of Pinnace Navy Cut Cigarettes and Wright's Coal Tar Soap both run interesting competitions, and in each case £300 in cash prizes is offered.

Every trade advertisement in JOHN BULL is covered by our Advertisement Guarantee.

THE ROMANCE OF BUSINESS

No. 2—Lever Bros., Ltd.

THE history of one of the most phenomenally successful businesses of modern times is in essence the history of one man. If you know and understand the personality of William Hesketh Lever, Baron Leverhulme, you know the forces that eventually built Port Sunlight, made its products household words the world over, and extended the ramifications of this business Colossus into every nook and cranny of modern commerce.

Indomitable will, superabundant energy, immense powers of concentration, ability to control and organise, dauntless courage and shrewd foresight are some of the qualities that have made Lord Leverhulme unquestionably the greatest of Britain's modern captains of Industry.

William Hesketh Lever was born with nothing in his favour except the natural hard grit of the typical Lancashire youth. Of the fortune he has since achieved, he was his own architect.

At sixteen he was serving in his father's grocer's shop in Bolton, at twenty-two he was arranging with a soapmaker to produce "Lever's Pure Honey Soap," a few years later a commercial traveller, at thirty-five establishing a successful soapworks on the remains of an apparent failure at Warrington, two years later founding Port Sunlight, and to-day the head of a vast business with offices and branch offices in practically every civilised (and many uncivilised) country of the world—such is the meteoric rise of one of the most fascinating and romantic modern business personalities.

Was there ever a more happy choice of a name, was there ever a clearer instance of genius than in the choosing of the name "Sunlight" for the famous soap that carries a £1,000 guarantee with every bar?

The vision that was displayed in this has been carried into every detail of his organisation. Port Sunlight is a model townlet, for the humanitarian interest of its founder has catered with equal success for the moral, social and spiritual needs of his community.

Of the products of this amazing firm, what need is there to write? Sunlight Soap, Lifebuoy Soap, Swan Soap, Lux, Twink, Monkey Brand, and countless others—in daily use all over the world.

The romance of Lever Bros. is the romance of its founder, a figure any novelist might well be proud to have created. It stands supreme to-day because that founder had the vision to see that industry need not lack beauty in its surroundings, nor be unromantic in its operations, because he had the vision to see in muddy creeks and marshy land a commercial gateway to the river Mersey and the Seven Seas.

And more than anything else he had the vision to see that well-paid, healthy and contented workers—each with the knowledge that he was sharing in the general prosperity—will give of their best and give willingly.

Lord Leverhulme is in every sense of the word a Captain of Industry; it is not a matter for wonder that he commands loyalty and admiration. For his personality ensures the one and the miracle of his career compels the other.

A FEW HINTS

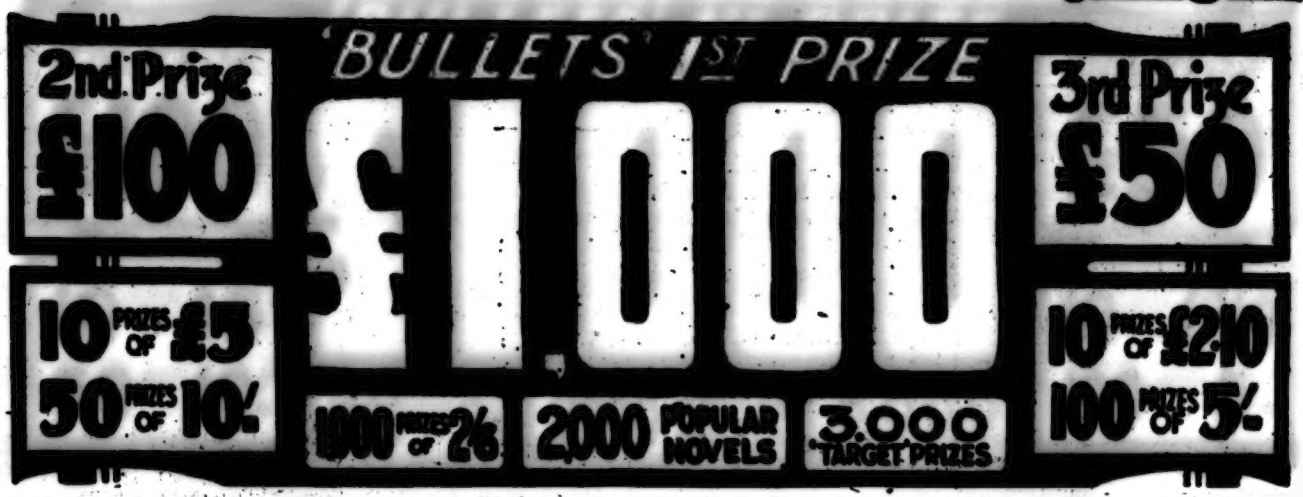
THERE is no doubt of the popularity of topical events with *Bullet* makers, and the writer of last week's £250 winning line, "Thoughtful—'French Views' Make Us," has overcome one of the greatest difficulties in a *Bullet* of this kind. He has avoided bias and produced an effect which can be appreciated both by those who back M. Poincare's drastic action enthusiastically, and by those who would have preferred more "tranquil" methods against Germany. Whatever opinions English people hold, there is no doubt that French views on the reparation question must make us thoughtful, and, in the second sense, however indifferent one might be in the ordinary way to the influence of scenery, "French views" in the devastated area would make the most callous man thoughtful.

The double in this *Bullet* is perfect. A striking result is gained by the utmost simplicity in phrasing—four words of one syllable only, and it is a capital model for study by competitors anxious to attain the highest honours. We do not say that the political-topical *Bullet* is the best way to succeed, for a study of recent results will show that winning lines take varied forms. We do wish to impress on competitors that a careful analysis of such lines as the one under comment must prove useful to them. In *Bullets* submitted of a national or human type, as distinct from the purely humorous lines, there is a tendency to use high-sounding phrases without any real "punch" in them, and the results are often just moral maxims of a rather stodgy character. It will often be found that simple words, well chosen, will prove more effective, providing they are linked to original ideas.

We are still receiving correspondence on points previously dealt with in our notes on *Bullets* competitions. A few recent queries are replied to below:

Bad spelling and faulty punctuation do not disqualify, providing the meaning of a *Bullet* is clear. A recent first prize-winner made a slip in spelling, but this was not allowed to interfere with his success. *Bullets* submitted at any stage of a competition are judged with equal care. There is no preliminary sorting or preference shown to *Bullets* constructed from certain examples. All *Bullets* are examined with the same thoroughness by experienced judges. Prizes are awarded entirely on merit. Towns and names of competitors are not considered in making the awards. A new competitor can win a big prize at his first attempt if his *Bullet* is good enough.

Mr. W. Davies, of 26, Lewisham Road, Lewisham, S.E., the winner of the first prize in *Bullets* No. 471, says: "I have been a competitor for some years. The first prize seemed a long time coming, but it was worth waiting for. The effort is my own, and I believe in keeping topical events in mind when making *Bullets*."



LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 474.

FRANCE AND GERMANY
ROYAL ENGAGEMENT
WHEN PARLIAMENT MEETS
TUTANKHAMEN
ALL I ASK
WHEN I WAS YOUNG
ANOTHER STORY
FOLLOWING THE CROWD
HARD UP
AFTER THE BALL
OUR WIRELESS
AT HER WORST
STAGE FRIGHT
WELL KEPT SECRET
HERE
NEXT TO NOTHING
OUR LODGER
RIGHT OR WRONG
MY FANCY
HOPELESS
SHUFFLING
POOR SPORT
MISSING WIFE
AT LENGTH
IN A TRAP
PRETTY FACE
GOOD FOR ENGLAND
SATURDAY AFTERNOON
A MERE SONG
ON AND OFF
BETTER THAN WORK
ESCAPING GAS
WHEN CURTAIN FALLS
TELLING
COAL
ON VELVET
UTTER ROT
NEVER MISSED
MY MISFORTUNE
A FLAT

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded to what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty Examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet: WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The Entry Fee for one Coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 474, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Closing Date, Thursday, February 15.

No.____
Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(474) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, February 15.

No.____
Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(474) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, February 15.

No.____
Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(474) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, February 15.

No.____
Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(474) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed
Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 475.

STEP IN RIGHT DIRECTION—NEITHER COUNTRY—A FAIR FIGHT—ANOTHER HOME—HOME OR HASTY—OTHER HOPE—LEARNING—AT LEISURE—THE EASIEST WAY—GOOD AFTER—OTHER PEOPLE—TO BE SURE—CARRYING OUT—THERE AND BACK—GOOD ENOUGH—MAKING SPARKS FLY—HEAD HAM—HARD LINES—BANKING—GETTING LIGHTER.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH. All Coupons to used MUST be marked clearly with the number 475 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 475, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty Examples for Competition No. 475.

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 471 can now be seen in the window of Mr. C. Clark, South Street, Greenwich, S.E.

Result of Competition No. 473 will be published in next week's issue.

CLARNICO

EVERYWHERE YOU GO——

In the Train.

When you travel by train "insure" for an enjoyable journey. Purchasing a supply of CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS before starting is the best "policy" at any time.

Whether your journey be short or long, the time will pass pleasantly, and you won't get unpleasantly haggery on the way.

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS are a nutritious and delicious sweetmeat. Just a pure, delicious blend of choice Brazil-nut kernels, sparkling cane sugar, rich butter and full-cream milk.

5d. per ½ lb.
Of all Confectioners

CLARNICO
LILY BRAZILS

THE NEW CONFECTION

Made by CLARKE, NICHOLLS & COOMBS, LTD.
Established 50 years

LILY BRAZILS

He Never Slept!

Owing to terrible illness of the stomach and nerves Mr. John Venman never slept for weeks at a stretch, but he took Dr. Cassell's Tablets and was restored to perfect health and strength.

Good for

Headache
Anæmia
Palpitation
Kidney Weakness
Sufferer's Weakness
Nervous Breakdown

Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Rheumatism
Nerve Pains

MR. JOHN VENMAN'S OWN STATEMENT.

Mr. John Venman, 10, Sopwell-lane, St. Alban's, says:—"I suffered for years with stomach pain so severe that it was thought there was a growth. A suggested operation was not performed as it was feared I might succumb to it, so the trouble continued apparently incurable. Then it was I lost power from the waist down. My legs turned nearly black and there was no feeling in them. I was still in pain internally and I couldn't sleep, couldn't even doze. It was believed I could never recover, but I took Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and with the first box I could sleep. Then warmth came in my legs—soon there was feeling, and at last power. I got out with help of two sticks, the first time for four years, and now I am back at work as well as ever."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices, 1/3 and 3/-.
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

I TOOK CICFA for my INDIGESTION (In STOMACH & BOWEL).

"Now I eat whatever I desire."

"I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION

If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which cures others may not suit your case, because you think yours is different; and your symptoms may be different; but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same, that is, there is not enough of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach, and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments, one person will suffer with Heartburn, Wind and Gas-rising, White-coated Tongue, Sharp Headache, Blotched Complexion, Red Nose, Flushed Face, etc., while another will suffer from Flatulence, Bilious Symptoms caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, Acidity with teeth on edge, and attacks of Gout and Rheumatism, and Constipation with all the misery which it causes; but whether you have some or all of these symptoms,

YOU CAN BE PERFECTLY CURED ONLY BY A REMEDY WHICH SUPPLIES NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS. With those ferments Digestion is restored, and THOSE FERMENTS ARE ACTIVE WHEN CICFA IS TAKEN.

Mr. David realises these facts, and having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa cured him, and that his words are true.

NOW READ MR. DAVID'S WORDS:

8, Fenham Road, Tufnell Park, N.

"Dear Sirs,—

Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your Indigestion remedy, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the 1s. 3d. tubes. I had been suffering with Indigestion for about 2½ years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is most wonderful, and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really removes Indigestion as Cicfa has removed mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter, those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain remedy. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again,

Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID."

18,000 BRITISH DOCTORS

have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need to write for a sample. You can purchase Cicfa, and commence using it immediately.

Sold everywhere: prices 1/3 & 3/-

THE CICFA CO.,
8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

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